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The English Illustrated Magazine.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1885.

The Week.

THE President's latest appointments are based upon the same principle as his previous ones; that is, fitness rather than party service or "pressure." It is noticeable that the President's critics are able to find no serious fault with them. The selections for important foreign posts seem to be excellent in all cases. Especially to be commended is that of Professor Anderson for the Denmark mission. He has the distinction of being the first Mugwump to receive office from the Administration, but he undoubtedly owes his appointment to his fitness much more than to his support of Mr. Cleveland for President. The only objection which is made to some of the other nominations is that they are a further recognition of the Confederate Brigadiers. The Blaine organ says that a "better way to show the magnanimity of the North toward former Rebels could hardly be devised than by sending them abroad as representatives of the Government they tried to destroy." Could a better way be devised to make them feel that they are citizens of a restored Union than to send them abroad as representatives, not of a section, but of the whole country? They go as Americans, not as Southerners, and our gloomy contemporary ought to be glad to have them there rather than in Washington working to have the Rebel debt and Rebel pensions paid out of the national Treasury, or in the South working to have the negroes put back into slavery, while he cannot send any more Mahones, Riddlebergers, Kelloggs, Spencers, and Claytons to Washington to help save the country. They cannot do much harm abroad unless they plot to have this country invaded by the Czar or some other foreign potentate.

The despatch of German-Americans to Berlin and Vienna as Consuls-General is an especially good idea. So is the transfer of the fiscal agency to Brown Brothers. This was held, apart from politics, as it ought to be, almost from the foundation of the Government by the Barings, when it occurred to the unclean band who surrounded General Grant during his first term to make it "spoils," and they took it away and gave it to a new house, which soon after "burst up," causing the Government a heavy loss. It is high time it were taken out of politics. We believe the appointment of Mr. Isaac Bell, jr., to the Dutch Mission is very acceptable to the Rhode Island Independents, though he is himself a regular Democrat. Italy goes to a highly respectable Virginian, Mr. Keiley. The appointment of Mr. McMullen to the Appraiser-ship at this port is the first sign of the view taken by the Administration of the needs of the Custom-house, and it is a good one, for he is, we believe, a confirmed civil-service reformer, and, unlike his predecessor, will have better advisers than Mr. George Bliss.

That the reappointment of Postmaster Pearson is a most commendable act, in harmony

with all of the President's professions, fulfilling the spirit as well as the letter of his engagements—an act tending to encourage and stimulate in all branches of the public service those qualities which have distinguished Mr. Pearson and made the New York Post-office a model of efficiency and public usefulness—must be acknowledged by all candid men. The credit of such an act belongs necessarily to the party in power. As the responsibility for all errors in national affairs must fall at last on the party as a whole, so the honor of successful and praiseworthy administration in all its branches must be awarded to the political body intrusted for the time being with the executive branch of the Government. To award praise to the President alone would be to come far short of the truth, since it is known that some of the most earnest advocates of Mr. Pearson's retention in office were Democrats of standing and repute, such as Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Ottendorfer, Mayor Grace, Mr. Henry Richmond, Judge Schoonmaker, Mr. Willis James, Mr. Algernon Sullivan, Mr. Sidney Webster, and Governor Tilden. These and many other representative Democrats have been quoted from time to time as favoring Mr. Pearson's reappointment upon grounds of public utility as well as of party policy. If the petitions on file at Washington were carefully scanned, they would be found to embrace the names of a goodly portion of the business men of New York who habitually vote the Democratic ticket, but who never take leading positions in the party councils. Indeed, it may be said that the Democratic politicians generally expected Mr. Pearson's reappointment from the beginning, and were prepared to acquiesce in it without a murmur, and that only the delay in making it produced the opposition which was latterly raised up against it. This delay, it is now known, was caused by charges against Mr. Pearson left on file by the late Administration, which needed to be examined by the Department and answered by the Postmaster. But for these charges, the existence of which was unknown to Mr. Pearson himself, we have good reason to believe that the appointment would have been made among the earliest acts of the President after the selection and confirmation of his Cabinet.

Mr. Phelps, our new English Minister, makes a dignified denial of the authenticity of a speech which he was reported to have made in 1864, and in which he was represented as speaking of Lincoln in very coarse language. He says that he has no recollection of making any such speech, but that he may have made at that time a speech saying that the war was unnecessary, and criticising the manner in which it was carried on. He adds: "While I was not in accord with the majority of my people in respect to the necessity of the war, or to some things connected with the prosecution of it, my opposition to the doctrine of secession and to any steps leading to the dissolution of the Union was well

known. My views were the same as those entertained by Mr. Webster, and are to be found expressed in various addresses of mine." Mr. Phelps remarks that when this alleged speech was first attributed to him in 1880, he treated it with contempt because it had circulation only where he was personally known. He makes denial now only for the benefit of those who do not know him. It is doubtful if any person capable of intelligent judgment believed for a moment that he used the language attributed to him about Lincoln. Even the newspapers which have been circulating it, and who are in such deep concern about the "loyalty" of everybody who finds favor with the new Administration, know as well as anybody that it bears all the marks of gross and palpable forgery.

The *Civil-Service Reformer*, of Baltimore, gives a large share of space in its April number to the Higgins case. The mistake made in the appointment of Higgins, it says, "is such a huge one, and is so universally regretted by the true friends of the Administration, that it in some measure loses its character of a mistake, and assumes that of a valuable object-lesson, wherein an admirable opportunity is offered for the community at large to express its opinions in regard to that particular class of persons which Mr. Higgins so worthily represents." It has drawn the attention of the whole country to the methods of Senator Gorman, who was virtually Chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the last campaign. Mr. Gorman derived much *éclat* from the result of the election. He obtained a national celebrity, and secured for himself a much firmer hold upon the politics of his own State than he had previously enjoyed. People outside of Maryland said to each other: "Here is a man of note—why have we not heard of him before?" Rumors did get around that Mr. Gorman was merely an adept in low cunning, having no conception of nor belief in the larger forces which move the public mind and produce unexpected political results. But these rumors were confined to a narrow range of circulation. They did not reach the masses, to whom, on the other hand, Mr. Gorman appeared to be a rather remarkable new light in the political firmament. The appointment of Higgins has drawn attention to him again, and has exposed him to public scrutiny of the most searching character.

Secretary Bayard is evidently not at all alarmed by the charge of being "un-American" which the dynamite Irish make against him. In a letter to an Irish society in Philadelphia, which had invited him to its banquet on St. Patrick's Day, he wrote:

"The obvious and many duties of my public office here speak for themselves, and to none with more force than to American citizens of Irish blood or birth who are honestly endeavoring to secure liberty by maintaining a government of laws, and who realize the constant attention that is needful. In the midst of anarchical demonstrations which we witness in other lands, and the echoes of which we can detect even here in our own free country, where base and silly individuals seek to stain the name of Ireland by associating the

honest struggle for just government with senseless and wicked crimes, there is no class of our citizens from whom honest approbation can be more confidently expected than such as compose your respected and benevolent society. Those who worthily celebrate the birthday of St. Patrick will not forget that he drove out of Ireland the reptiles that creep and sting. The Hibernian Society can contain no member who will not resent the imputation that sympathy with assassins can dwell in a genuine Irish heart, which will ever be opposed to cruelty, cowardice, and whatever form either may take." The letter was not read at the banquet, and the chief organ of the "base and silly individuals who seek to stain the name of Ireland with senseless and wicked crimes," the *Irish World*, says that the society thus "indicated their freezing contempt for Bayard by severely ignoring his puppyism."

The letter is extremely likely to aggravate the already painful uneasiness in Irish-American circles concerning the Americanism of everybody connected with President Cleveland's Administration. The new Minister to England, in spite of the ungracious comments of some of the London journals, is heavily under suspicion. One Irish paper alludes to him as the warm friend of Edmunds, "that Mugwump who refused to support Blaine," and of Judge Field, "that brother of Cyrus Field, the well-known American who erected a monument to the British spy André." In fact, the number of public men who are really good Americans is narrowing down so rapidly, that we fear there will not be enough left presently to edit the Irish press and stand guard over the various Emergency Funds. No man born in this country is at present free from suspicion of the taint of un-Americanism. The day may not be far distant when it will be necessary for the Irish-Americans in this country to rise in dynamite warfare to shake off the "oppression" which the native Americans, like Cleveland, Bayard, Phelps, and Edmunds, seem disposed to fasten upon them.

Reports from Washington concerning the investigation now going on in the Treasury Department with reference to the mode of preparing the monthly balance sheet, showing the state of the public debt and the cash in the Treasury, encourage the belief that some wholesome reforms tending to greater clearness and closer adherence to facts are to be introduced. It seems quite certain that the thirty millions of fractional silver heretofore counted as cash on hand, and estimated as available for the payment of demand obligations, is to be cast out of the reckoning, and as a necessary consequence that its place is to be made good with legal-tender money of some sort. As we have heretofore pointed out, the money market is now in such a condition as not to feel the loss which this addition to the Treasury reserve implies. On the other hand, such an addition to the reserve would strengthen the hands of the Secretary in his endeavors to ward off the silver crisis, by giving him a fund equal to fifteen months' coinage in excess of his present supply to meet this waste. This is the great problem which Secretary Manning has to deal with, and he seems to understand how to manage it. The suspension of bond calls in the interval will not produce any discontent except among the silver fanatics, and these, it

may be assumed, are as angry now as they can be. President Cleveland's letter having filled them brimful before the new Administration came in.

The troubles of Mr. John Roach about the *Dolphin* cruiser are well calculated to excite sympathy, but he has himself to blame. He ought to have got her ready for acceptance before Secretary Chandler went out of office, and he would doubtless have done so had he not been so sure of Blaine's election. All the 'cute men doubtless told him that everything was "fixed" for a Republican victory, so he made no haste. He did one smart thing, however, before Chandler went out, in securing the payment, in violation of the contract, of the 10 per cent. on each of nine instalments of the price for the ship, which, as well as the whole of the last instalment, the Government was to reserve until after she was delivered, as a security against possible undiscovered defects. He has not delivered the *Dolphin*, but he has got all the 10 per cent. reservations. That under these circumstances Mr. Roach was greatly alarmed at the prospect of seeing "the Confederacy again in the saddle," may well be imagined. The *Dolphin* was to have had steel shafts, but one of them broke on the first trial. Then Mr. Roach got leave to put an iron one in, and finally the ship on her trial did not develop the speed provided for in the contract. He says she will do better, however, with different coal and a better engineer, and in the meantime wants his "last payment," which Mr. Whitney withholds. It seems as if the Navy Department had existed for twenty years to provide Mr. Roach's yard with profitable work. This is now at an end, and we may guess how he feels about the future of the negro and of American industry.

The *Economist* quotes President Cleveland's letter on the silver coinage in full, and then observes:

"It would be difficult to put the argument against the Silver Coinage Act more forcibly or more conclusively than is here done; and the hope must be that when the people of the United States have had the issue thus plainly put before them they will not long continue to tolerate so mischievous a piece of legislation."

As Mr. Blaine has been very quiet of late, we are reluctant to refer to his political economy again. But when one recalls his exposition after the election of the effect it would have on wages North and South, one can hardly help conjuring up the kind of letter he would have written on the silver question, and comparing it with Mr. Cleveland's terse and forcible statement. He would probably have made one of the efforts for which he is famous to satisfy the bi-metallics, the mono-metallics, the no-metallics, the Irish, the French, and the Hindus, and the result would have been unspeakable nonsense.

This letter, and the vote taken in Congress just before the adjournment, have caused a spasmodic stir in the bi-metallic faction in England, which the *Economist* takes notice of, Mr. H. Schmidt having taken advantage of the occasion to read a paper on the subject at the Institute of Bankers. Mr. Schmidt's contention

is that the continued coinage of silver in the United States is necessary to sustain the prices of the agricultural products of the West and South. Of course this beneficial effect can only result from a depreciation of the standard of value, for as long as silver dollars and silver certificates remain at par with gold in the circulation, no farmer can pay his debts or purchase his supplies at less than 100 cents on the dollar. In case of an actual depreciation, however, Mr. Schmidt assures his hearers that India would derive an advantage over America as an exporter of both wheat and cotton—that is, the American agriculturist would gain in the home market and lose in the foreign market. Both contentions the *Economist* shows are false, but if they were true the position of the American farmer and planter would certainly be worse than it is now, since the loss in the foreign market through the greater competition of India could not possibly be made good by the home market, the latter being governed absolutely by the former. The *Economist* sees no objection from the British point of view to our adopting the silver standard, but insists that the compulsory coinage and storage of two millions per month is a loss of that much capital to American trade and by consequence to British trade also, since any abstraction of wealth from business channels is a detriment to the world's commerce.

The protocols of the Congo Conference have, it is understood, been received at the Department of State. The stipulations and understandings formulated at Berlin are not binding upon the United States until they have been formally accepted by this Government. The whole subject of the Conference and its doings was carefully considered by the Foreign Affairs Committee of the last House, and the Committee was unanimous in condemnation of American participation therein, although there was some slight difference among the members of the Committee over the language in which that condemnation should be expressed. We have already referred to the elaborate report made by Mr. Perry Belmont and presented to the House. In it he discussed the question respecting the manner in which the stipulations of the Conference could be adopted by this Government if at all. Must the ratification be by the President alone, or by the President and Senate, as in case of a treaty? Probably the President will decide to pigeon-hole the protocols. As much is to be inferred from the language used in his inaugural address, which was, perhaps, intended to cover the Conference at Berlin.

The Riel insurrection in the Northwest, which is creating as much excitement in Canada as the prospect of a war with Russia is causing in England, is an almost exact revival of the insurrection led by the same man in 1869. The causes for it seem to be precisely the same, except that they are said now to be somewhat aggravated by Catholic influences. In 1869 the Hudson's Bay Company, which had for many years held complete authority over the Northwest, sold the greater part of their lands to the Canadian Government. When the Government surveyors appeared to lay out the country for settlers, the half-breeds and Indians who occupied the sections of it

fronting on the rivers objected. Under Riel's leadership they organized a fighting force, and issued a bill of rights. A brief struggle followed, but Riel and his force were suppressed in the spring of 1870, by an expedition under the command of Colonel, now Lord, Wolseley. Riel was banished for five years. The Government, as a means of quieting the half-breeds, gave each of them a grant of 240 acres of land. This insurrection of 1869 was confined to the Province of Manitoba. The present trouble has arisen in the settlements at Prince Albert, along the Saskatchewan, 500 miles northwest of the capital of Manitoba, where the Government surveyors have recently gone for the first time. The half-breeds demand substantially the same concessions which were made to the half-breeds of Manitoba, together with other rights similar to those demanded by Riel in 1869.

The speculations in Wall Street as to the effect of war on business are not always as rational as they might be. Most of them are based on the old idea that trade always means a loss to one side or the other, instead of being, as it must be in order to continue, a gain to both. Europeans cannot engage in a great war, slaughter thousands of men, destroy vast amounts of property, without becoming, for a time at least, worse customers for every country with which they deal at all, although the demand for some of our commodities may be temporarily stimulated. Every nation but China is interested in every other nation's peace and prosperity. One gentleman in Wall Street, talking to the *Herald* reporter, thought that the hostilities in India would stimulate the demand for our wheat, because the great armies would consume so much, and thus raise the price of Indian wheat. But the men who compose great armies eat just as much wheat in peace as in war. In fact, they probably eat a good deal more, because in peace they have more time for their meals and are nearer the markets. Moreover, the dead stop eating wheat altogether. Mr. Henry Clews, we observe, expects a great benefit to the American laboring classes, and to the American people generally, from having so many Europeans engaged in the work of mutual destruction, because the demand for "grain, provisions, and clothing, and war ammunition" will be greatly increased. But wars nowadays do not last long, and a "demand" for grain, provisions, and clothing, is only profitable when those who feel it have the wherewithal to make purchases. After the war is over, the demand will be less profitable than ever, because there will be fewer purchasers, and those who are left will be poorer. Nothing apparently needs more to be taught in schools than the effect of war on trade. No country was ever enriched either by its own wars or by those of other peoples, although many individual dealers and contractors make fortunes out of it.

The fall of the French Ministry followed promptly, as was expected, on the news of the defeat in Tonquin, and had the curiously characteristic accompaniment of a howling mob outside the Chamber door kept back by bayonets. It is at this writing supposed that M. Freycinet will be called on to

try his luck again; but probably every politician of prominence will be reluctant to risk his reputation in the place, with the programme now prescribed by the popular fury, which includes nothing less than the capture of Peking, with a force of 60,000 men, to be paid for out of a Treasury burdened with annual deficits. Clémenceau is talked of, but Clémenceau probably knows better than to exchange the rôle of critic for that of performer before such an audience as the Parisian public in its present mood.

A year ago the French, after a contest of some months, had got everything they wanted in Tonquin. They had driven the Chinese marauders known as the "Black Flags" out of the Delta of the Red River, and had taken the fortified towns of Sontay and Bac-ninh without any opposition from the Chinese, who claimed suzerainty over the whole region, although the latter had formally announced that an attack on either of these places would be treated as a *casus belli*. In fact, it was plain that the Chinese did not want to go to war about Tonquin. The treaty known as the Convention of Tientsin was accordingly concluded between France and China in May of last year. It left the French in possession of everything they occupied; it gave up the Chinese claim of suzerainty over Tonquin, opened the Red River to navigation as far as Yunnan, and the three principal towns to foreign trade, and to the residence of a French consul in each. More than this, it gave France the fortified town of Langson, commanding the principal pass in the northern mountains through which the Chinese obtain access to the Red River Delta. Peace seemed to be secured, and a small body of French troops started to take possession of Langson. On the march they came on a Chinese post barring the road. The officer in command said he had no orders to allow them to pass, and had heard nothing of the treaty of peace, and proposed a halt, until he could get instructions. The French, however, refused to wait, attempted to force their way, and were repulsed with heavy loss. This was really an unfortunate accident. There was no reason to doubt the good faith of the Chinese. But the French would receive no excuse. They demanded an enormous indemnity for the repulse inflicted on their troops. It was refused, and they then withdrew their Minister from Peking, but, instead of declaring war, began to make "reprisals," such as the bombardment of Kelung in Formosa, and that of the Foochow arsenal and the forts on the Mia River. These operations were successful enough, but they only stung the Chinese without frightening them. The Chinese Empire is, in spite of its paternal organization, so loosely constituted that attacks on its frontier make no serious impression on the Government at Peking—a fact which the allies recognized in 1860 when they marched on the capital. Consequently, the operations of Admiral Courbet along the coast seem simply to have roused the Chinese Government into active and formidable preparations for attacking the French where they were most vulnerable, namely, in the Tonquin mountains, into which they had successfully penetrated, and had captured Langson.

As to the future, the little that can be said is not very promising for the French. The losses from sickness in Tonquin, though not published, are probably very great. During the coming hot weather they will be still greater. The earlier successes in the Delta, which turned their heads, were achieved with the aid of the gunboats, which were able to penetrate in every direction through the numerous bayous, and support the troops with the fire of their heavy guns. In the mountains, this advantage is gone. The difficulties of transportation are enormous; and the population is hostile to a man. The Chinese, too, are attacking in great force, or in other words bringing into play their enormous superiority of numbers, and that indifference to loss of life which is the strong point of the Chinese military organization. The Chinese troops of to-day are by no means the half-armed rabble they were in 1860. The experience of Gordon in suppressing the Taiping rebellion has raised them greatly in European estimation, and increased the number of European officers in the service. The men are fairly drilled, armed with the Mauser rifle, and have a large number of breech-loading guns. The force supposed to be immediately available for resistance in Tonquin is 120,000 strong, well armed and fairly disciplined, and it is recruited, of course, from a population which for military purposes may be considered limitless. Behind this, there is a territorial force or militia, estimated at 200,000, which could not keep the field against French regulars, but has probably great powers of harassing. As to the advance on Peking, the best French military authorities in Tonquin are said to doubt whether it would be safe to attempt this with less than 60,000 men. Its difficulties have been immensely increased since 1860. Entrance to the Peiho River was then found to be impossible. The forts had to be turned by a land attack. Since then they have been increased in number and completed on the land side, and are armed with Armstrong and Krupp guns, and the river is full of torpedoes as far as Tientsin.

The Graham campaign on the Suakin-Berber route is having one useful effect in silencing the noisy Jingo in England, who were sure that that was the way Lord Wolseley ought to have gone to Gordon's aid. It is now quite plain that had he done so he would have had very few men left fit for active work by the time he reached Berber, at which place he would still have been some 200 miles from Khartum. It is more and more evident that a force advancing on that line must be followed by the railroad, and that guarding the road will be very costly work. Newspaper strategy in distant and little-known regions is always amusing reading, but it has probably never been more so than in the case of the Sudan campaign. The *St. James's Gazette* thinks General McNeill brought the late "military scuffle" on himself by neglecting precautions which any cadet would have taken. But there is probably not a camel-driver in the force whose opinion about "precautions" is not worth five times as much as that of the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, and yet the latter is considered worth telegraphing across the Atlantic.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

(WEDNESDAY, March 25, to THURSDAY, March 31, 1885, inclusive.)

DOMESTIC.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND on Wednesday nominated Samuel S. Cox, of New York, to be Minister to Turkey. Mr. Cox is sixty-one years of age, and for many terms has been a well-known Congressman from this city. He is the author of several books. Among the postmasters nominated on Thursday was Aquila Jones for Indianapolis. This was a victory for Vice-President Hendricks's faction. On Friday it was announced that the President had nominated Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia, to be Commissioner of Railroads, and Norman J. Coleman, of Missouri, to be Commissioner of Agriculture. Mr. Coleman is a resident of St. Louis. He is about sixty years of age, and was for many years the editor of the *Rural Home*, an agricultural paper published in St. Louis. Mr. Alexander McCue, of Brooklyn, has been nominated for Solicitor of the Treasury. Mr. McCue is a lawyer of good reputation and a man of considerable means. He is about fifty-five years of age, and has just retired from the bench of the City Court of Brooklyn.

The President sent a long list of nominations to the Senate on Monday, among which were the following: To be Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States: Thomas J. Jarvis, of North Carolina, to Brazil; Alexander R. Lawton, of Georgia, to Russia; Anthony M. Keiley, of Virginia, to Italy. To be Consuls-General of the United States: Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut, at London; Frederick Raine, of Maryland, at Berlin; Edmund Jussen, of Illinois, at Vienna, Austria. To be Ministers Resident of the United States: Isaac Bell, jr., of Rhode Island, to the Netherlands; Rufus Magee, of Indiana, to Sweden and Norway; George W. Merrill, of Nevada, to the Hawaiian Islands. To be Ministers Resident and Consuls-General of the United States: Edward Parke Custis Lewis, of New Jersey, to Portugal; Rasmus B. Anderson, of Wisconsin, to Denmark. To be Consuls of the United States: A. Haller Gross, of Pennsylvania, at Athens, Greece; Evan P. Howell, of Georgia, at Manchester, England.

Mr. Jarvis, the Minister to Brazil, is an ex-Governor of North Carolina. Alexander R. Lawton, the Minister to Russia, is a prominent lawyer of Savannah, Ga. He was born in South Carolina, was educated at the West Point Military Academy, served in the army a number of years, resigned, studied law at Savannah, and engaged in the practice of his profession there. When the civil war broke out he entered the Confederate service as a Brigadier-General, and subsequently became Quartermaster-General of the Confederacy. He is a lawyer of distinction and is about sixty years of age. A. M. Keiley, the Minister to Italy, is a lawyer in successful practice at Richmond, Va. He has been Mayor of that city, was for many years Chairman of the Democratic Funders' Committee, and is also well known as one of the counsel for the Virginia bondholders in their prolonged litigation. Edward Parke Custis Lewis, the Minister to Portugal, is a resident of Hoboken, N. J. He is said to be distantly related to Secretary Bayard, and has been a member of the Legislature and a Presidential Elector. Isaac Bell, jr., nominated to be Minister to the Netherlands, is a wealthy citizen of Newport, R. I., and a prominent Democrat, and has several times been the Democratic candidate for Governor. He is a brother-in-law of James Gordon Bennett. Thomas Waller, who receives the Consul-Generalship at London, is the ex-Governor of Connecticut. Frederick Raine, of Maryland, who is appointed Consul-General at Berlin, is the editor of the *Deutscher Correspondent*, one of the leading German newspapers of Baltimore. Edmund Jussen, of Chicago, who is

appointed Consul-General to Vienna, is another prominent German-American. He is a brother-in-law of Carl Schurz.

Rufus Magee, of Indiana, the Minister to Sweden and Norway, is an especial friend of ex-Senator McDonald. Rasmus B. Anderson, of Wisconsin, Minister to Denmark, is an eminent Scandinavian scholar, and is the author of a number of books upon Scandinavian folk lore and mythology. He is a professor in the University of Wisconsin, and was a Republican when Blaine was nominated.

The most significant of the nominations of President Cleveland on Tuesday was that of Henry G. Pearson to succeed himself as Postmaster of New York city. A gentleman very near the President, and undoubtedly speaking from actual knowledge, says that the reappointment of Mr. Pearson was made after a most patient examination of all the facts connected with the charges against him, and his answer to the same, which was on Monday read by the President, and which may therefore be considered as a complete vindication. Postmaster Pearson's case was considered exceptional by President Cleveland because he has made the New York Post-office a complete illustration of the successful application of civil-service-reform principles to an immense governmental establishment. "To retain him," said the gentleman in the confidence of the President, "insures faith and confidence in the movement, which would receive a shock from his removal. His retention was earnestly requested by a large number of business men of the city, both Democrats and Republicans, and very generally by the Independent Republicans, who did such good service in support of the Democratic candidates in the last campaign." It is further authoritatively learned that this act of the President must not be regarded as indicating that in other cases persons opposed to the party of the President will either be appointed or retained after the expiration of their terms of office.

Among the other nominations made on Tuesday were: William R. Roberts, of New York, to be Minister to Chili; Charles W. Buck, of Kentucky, to Peru; Richard B. Hubbard, of Texas, to Japan.

The sentence of the Hazen Court-martial is a reprimand, which, if approved by the President, will be administered in a general order issued by the Secretary of War in the name of the President.

Pension Commissioner Black issued an order on Friday forbidding the advancing of any pension claim out of its order.

Senator Mahone's son, who is under bonds to appear for trial for assault, was discharged from a \$3,220 sinecure in the United States Senate on Thursday. Ex-Auditor Allen, of Virginia, a Mahonite, takes his place. Mahone immediately appointed his son to the similarly lucrative position of clerk of his own committee.

In the New York Assembly on Wednesday the Niagara Reservation Bill was passed by 84 to 24. On Thursday a resolution for the investigation of Tontine insurance was passed by 78 to 34.

There were grand ceremonies at St. Augustine, Fla., on Friday, to celebrate the anniversary of the landing of Ponce de Leon in 1512, and the founding of the city by Menendez in 1565.

The Music Hall in Buffalo, which cost \$175,000 and seated 5,000 persons, was burned on Wednesday night.

The illness of General Grant took a very unfavorable turn on Saturday night. He was almost choked to death by a secretion of phlegm in his throat. On Sunday he rallied somewhat, but continued to be in a very critical condition. He is fast losing his vitality, and it is believed that he cannot long survive.

Frederick S. Winston, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city, died in Florida on Friday. He was seventy-

nine years of age. He became President of that company in 1853, and during his administration its assets have increased \$100,000,000. During the war he was noted for his energy in helping the Government and his profound faith in the Union.

Gen. Anson Stager, prominent in the development of the telegraph system of the country, died in Chicago on Thursday at the age of sixty.

Perry H. Smith, the well-known railroad manager, died in Chicago on Sunday, aged fifty-seven years.

General James McQuade died in Utica on Wednesday at the age of fifty-six. He was twice Mayor of Utica, a member of the State Assembly of 1860, Colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment of New York Volunteers during the war, Inspector-General on Governor Hoffman's staff, Quarantine Commissioner at New York for two terms, a founder of the Loyal Legion, and Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1879.

Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan, widow of ex-Governor Morgan, a lady whose many charities have made her name a household word in New York, died on Thursday.

FOREIGN.

A despatch was received in Paris on Thursday from General Négrier, dated Dong Dong, March 24, which said: "The Chinese attacked Dong Dong on Sunday. I advanced Monday and captured the first line of forts defending their camp at Bangbo. To-day renewed efforts were made by us against the enemy, but these proved unavailing in the face of superior numbers. Our artillery ammunition was exhausted and we returned to Dong Dong. Our loss in killed and wounded numbers 260."

After the Tonquin debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on Saturday a vote of confidence in the Government was passed by 273 to 227.

It was officially announced in Paris on Sunday, that the Chinese troops on the Tonquin frontier on Friday made a desperate attack upon the intrenched camp which had been established by General Négrier between Langson and Kilua, and from which General Négrier had been making reconnaissances beyond the frontier separating Tonquin from China proper. The Chinese, numbering about 50,000, drove the French back to Langson and recaptured that town, and all the strategic points in its vicinity. During this series of fights General Négrier was grievously wounded in the chest, and the French casualties were very serious. The latest accounts represent the French troops to be in full retreat, with the Chinese vigorously pursuing them. A vast quantity of commissary and other stores has been lost. The total French loss in killed and wounded is not yet definitely known, but it is put at 1,500. General Brière de l'Isle, who is in chief command in Tonquin, telegraphed for assistance in an imploring tone, which led the Parisians to expect further disasters. Intense excitement prevailed wherever the bad news became known in France. It is expected that General Négrier will recover. The French Cabinet decided to despatch immediate reinforcements to China, and to ask a war credit of \$40,000,000.

Long before the hour for the convening of the Chamber of Deputies, on Monday, the streets in the vicinity were packed with crowds of excited men. A strong force of military was on duty to prevent a riot and preserve order in the Chamber. Notwithstanding this precaution, the galleries were crowded with people who plainly showed their irritation over the French defeat at Langson by keeping up a noisy discussion. When M. Jules Ferry, the Premier, arose to announce the decision of the Cabinet Council he was loudly hissed by those in the galleries. He had barely finished the declaration when a number of Deputies of the Right sprang to their feet, yelling "Down with the wretch!" while above the din could be heard M. Clémenceau screaming "Traitors!"

Prime Minister Ferry in his statement asked for the credit of \$40,000,000, previously agreed upon by the Cabinet, moved for the appointment of a committee to examine and report upon the credit, and demanded that the motion be given priority. His motion was rejected by a vote of 308 to 161. M. Ferry immediately announced the resignation of the entire Ministry, and President Grévy accepted it.

President Grévy asked M. Henry Brisson, President of the Chamber of Deputies, to form a new Cabinet. M. Brisson declined. The President then asked M. de Freycinet to form a Cabinet. The latter asked twenty-four hours in which to reply. The vote against M. Ferry included the Republican Union, the Extreme Left, and the Monarchists. No group appears to be strong enough to insure a compact Ministry. At 9 p. m. on Tuesday M. de Freycinet announced to President Grévy that he had not yet succeeded in forming a Ministry.

The Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday afternoon unanimously voted the first instalment, amounting to \$10,000,000, of the Tonquin credit of \$40,000,000, asked for by M. Ferry before the resignation of his Cabinet. The Deputies voted to reserve action on the remaining \$30,000,000 until the formation of the new Ministry.

The tension between Russia and England on the Afghan question increased on Wednesday. British consols fell $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent. The Cabinet held a special session on Wednesday afternoon. It was resolved to demand of Russia that she begin forthwith the work of delimiting the Afghan frontier in accordance with the understanding by which Sir Peter Lumsden and the British surveying party have passed so many months in the Amir's dominions.

The alarm was increased on Thursday when Queen Victoria sent the following message to Parliament: "The present state of public affairs, and the extent of the demand on Her Majesty's military forces for the protection of the interests of the Empire, having constituted, in the opinion of Her Majesty, a case of great emergency, Her Majesty has deemed it proper to provide additional means for the military service. She has, therefore, thought it right to communicate to the House of Commons that she is about to cause the reserve forces, and such proportion of the militia as might be deemed necessary, to be called out for permanent service." The War Office immediately issued orders in accordance with the message. It is expected that 25,000 men in all will be called out. Fifteen thousand troops are, it is said, to be sent to India. War preparations proceeded with the greatest activity at Woolwich, Aldershot, and Portsmouth.

The decision to call out the reserves was taken in view of Queen Victoria's intended departure for Aix-les-Bains on Tuesday, in order to be prepared for an emergency.

A special Cabinet Council was held at Windsor Castle on Thursday afternoon, by command of Queen Victoria. Important despatches from the British Minister to Russia and the Viceroy of India were received and discussed. The Council of India has been authorized to raise a credit of £1,500,000 on account of the Indian Treasury for war purposes. Earl Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, will give the Amir of Afghanistan the grant which he demands to pay the Afghan troops and allay the discontent of tribal leaders. The Amir promises to place 50,000 troops on the frontier and in the forts at Balkh, Panjdeh, and Herat.

The war excitement was increased on Friday by an announcement in the London *Globe* that a proposal partaking of the nature of an ultimatum was telegraphed by the Government to St. Petersburg on Thursday. It was requested at the same time that the Russian Government would send an answer that should reach Downing Street not later than Monday. The *News* (Liberal) denied this on Saturday.

The *Globe* also declared that Earl Granville on March 16 proposed to Russia that both the

Russians and the Afghans should withdraw from that portion of territory which is at present the subject of dispute, and should remain outside of it during the continuance of negotiations between Russia and England, then in progress at London. To this proposal Russia sent no reply until Wednesday. She then refused to accede to England's proposition, on the ground that the withdrawal of her troops would be a source of humiliation to Russia. After this answer was received from Russia the Cabinet decided to embody the reserves and the militia, and to send the ultimatum already referred to. In the event of war, 25,000 militia will be assigned to garrison duty in Ireland, and that number of regulars will be released for active service.

Earl Granville said, in the House of Lords on Friday night, that the Afghans occupied Panjdeh before Sir Peter Lumsden had received instructions.

Lord Dufferin has arrived at Rawalpindi, and has been given an imposing reception by the Amir of Afghanistan. The London *Times* on Saturday asserted that the Russian Government had ordered 50,000 troops to be massed at Baku, on the Caspian Sea.

The reply of Russia to England on the Afghan question was received in London on Tuesday. It is understood that it contemplates an early meeting of the Boundary Commission. The positions of the troops are to remain unchanged. The Russians are now within eighteen miles of Panjdeh.

It was announced in the House of Commons on Monday by the Government that the outlook for a peaceful settlement of the Afghan question was very promising.

In the House of Commons on Thursday evening Mr. Gladstone said that England protested against the action of France in declaring war against the Amir of Afghanistan.

In the House of Commons on Friday evening the Egyptian financial agreement was adopted by 294 to 246. The Parnellites voted against the Government.

General Graham moved the headquarters of the British camp about two miles nearer to Tamaai on Wednesday. A convoy of Indian troops went on Wednesday morning to General McNeill's zereba on the Tamaai road. It acted as escort for the balloon corps. Arrived at the zereba, the balloon corps immediately sent up a captive balloon. The observers descended with valuable information concerning the positions and movements of Osman Digna's men.

A convoy of the Grenadier Guards, under command of General Graham, accompanied the Shropshire, Surrey, and Sikhs (Indian) regiments on Thursday morning on their departure for Tamaai as far as General McNeill's zereba. The start was made at 7 o'clock. The zereba was reached with a loss of but three men, who were wounded in a fight on the way. A force of Arabs recklessly charged, but were repulsed with a loss of 100 killed. Twenty thousand men, under Osman Digna, are reported entrenched at Tamaai. It was rumored at Suakim on Saturday that Osman desired to surrender.

A despatch from Dongola states that hundreds of disaffected Arabs are flocking to the standard of El Santuissi (or El Makki), who has appeared as a prophet in rivalry of El Mahdi. It is said that he has occupied El Obied.

The examination of Cunningham and Burton, the London dynamiters, having been finished, both men were on Friday afternoon formally committed for trial on a charge of treason-felony.

Oxford defeated Cambridge in the annual boat-race on the Thames, on Saturday, by three lengths; time twenty-one minutes, thirty-six seconds.

Hanlan, the Canadian oarsman, was, on Saturday, defeated by six lengths in a sculling

match by William Beach, at Sidney, N. S. W. Beach had defeated him once before, on August 16, 1884.

Despatches from Moscow show that a commercial crisis exists in that city. Within the past thirty days five of the largest tea and sugar-importing firms have failed. Their liabilities aggregate more than \$10,000,000.

Prince Nikolai Orloff, the Russian diplomatist, is dead at the age of fifty-eight. He was made Minister to France in 1872, and in 1875 President MacMahon conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

A serious outbreak of a disease resembling cholera in the Province of Valencia, Spain, has caused a panic among the people.

Granada and Malaga, Spain, were on Monday visited by shocks of earthquake, which damaged many houses and injured many people in both places.

Considerable excitement has prevailed in Winnipeg and Canada throughout the week, owing to the rebellion of about 1,000 half-breeds under the leadership of Louis Riel (who headed the Red River outbreak) at Prince Albert, about 500 miles northwest of Winnipeg. There were rumors on Wednesday of fighting with the mounted police at Carlton. It was said that 15 of them had been killed and that the rebels had captured 40 white men. In the Canadian House of Commons on Friday night a telegram was read announcing that Major Crozier, in command of 100 men at Fort Carlton, had advanced that morning toward Duck Lake to secure a large quantity of supplies stored there. They were met by a body of Riel's rebels, who held a good position. The rebels fired first, and in time Major Crozier withdrew, having lost 10 civilians and 2 policemen killed, and 4 civilians and 7 constables wounded.

Troops at Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec were on Saturday ordered to hold themselves in instant readiness for service in the Northwest. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout Canada. There were rumors of another battle at Fort Carlton, and that eleven men had been killed.

Despatches were received at Winnipeg on Sunday that Colonel Irvine, with 260 police, evacuated Fort Carlton on March 27, and fell back upon Prince Albert. The fort has been burned.

News from Regina on Tuesday stated that Riel is in a position successfully to resist a force double the strength of that now under General Middleton. Riel is getting assistance from American half-breeds. The belief that Fenian influences are at work in the Northwest is held in Canadian Government circles. On Tuesday the Indians and half-breeds captured and burned Battleford, west of Prince Albert.

Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and San Salvador have entered into a formal alliance to resist Barrios, who leads the forces of Guatemala and Honduras. President Zaldivar, of San Salvador, commands the triple allied forces, which will amount to about 20,000. Several skirmishes have already occurred between the forces of Honduras and San Salvador.

The steamer *Colon* was seized at Aspinwall on Monday, by the Colombian revolutionists, who demanded the delivery of a shipment of arms on board. Mr. Connor, local superintendent of the Pacific Mail Company, the captain and purser of the steamer were placed under arrest on board. Subsequently Captain Dow, general agent of the Pacific Mail Company, Mr. Wright, the United States Consul, and a lieutenant of the American man-of-war *Galena* were arrested. They were released at 6 o'clock on condition that the arms should be delivered. The Americans are indignant at the insult to the flag. The United States Navy Department on Tuesday ordered Commander Kane of the *Galena*, which is at Aspinwall, to afford all protection possible to Americans and their property at that place. The *Alliance* was ordered to proceed immediately thither.

THE PRESIDENT AS A SHEIKH.

WHEN the "spoils system" was introduced into the Government of the United States, the population was about 13,000,000, there were about 8,450 post-offices, and the postal revenues amounted to \$2,000,000, and it took a large part of a month to get from the Ohio or Tennessee to Washington. To-day the population is 55,000,000, the number of post-offices is 51,000, and the postal revenues \$48,000,000 in round numbers, and it takes six days to reach Washington from the Pacific Coast. The business of every department of the Government, except the army, navy, and diplomatic service, has increased in much the same ratio as the post-offices. The number of offices to be filled is probably on the whole four times as great as in Jackson's days, and it is four times, at least, as easy for office-seekers to get to Washington from any part of the country, and fully ten times as easy to make written applications for places.

Nor is this all. When the act of 1820 was passed substituting a four years' term for tenure during good behavior in the case of officers having charge of public moneys, it was intended simply to insure that at the end of every four years the books of every such officer should be balanced and his accounts and vouchers filed. It was not intended that he should be removed at the end of the four years, as a matter of course, in order to give somebody else access to the public crib. This view of the intent of the law sprang up afterward, by a perfectly natural process, until it became a party custom to treat every office as vacant when the term for which the incumbent was appointed had expired, and finally it came to seem party treachery on the part of a President not to fill such vacancies with new men.

The effect of all this on the transaction of the public business we need hardly point out. The spectacle which is witnessed at Washington at the beginning of every administration would, but for use and wont, strike every business man in the country with amazement. The President is one of the most highly-paid public officers in the world. He is charged with weightier responsibilities than any public officer in the world except the British Premier. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General, too, have duties more serious and various than corresponding officials in any other country. The time of all three belongs, all day long, from the rising to the setting of the sun, to the people of the United States—that is, to a modern commercial nation, 55,000,000 strong, possessing a vast trade and industry, and carrying on an immense correspondence, and exposed, as all highly organized communities are, to serious injury at a thousand points from very slight agencies. It will seem a hundred years hence almost incredible, however, that the Chief Magistrate of this great modern nation, and his two principal Ministers, have in the earlier part of their official career to pass a large part of their day, just as the Arab Sheikhs and the earlier Caliphs used to pass it, in listening to individual complaints and petitions. That is to say, at the very time when

all their faculties and all their moments are required to give them even an imperfect acquaintance with the vast machinery of administration in this great commercial state, they have to sit under a big tree every morning outside the city gate, listening to individual boastings or tales of sorrow or wrong, giving this man a robe of honor, and ordering that one to receive one hundred blows of a stick, hearing what the widow has to say against the knavish baker, and the blind man against the bazaar thief. There is, we venture to say, not one in one hundred of the people who take up the time of the President, or of the Secretary of the Treasury, or of the Interior, or the Postmaster-General, every morning, whose business with him is one whit more important to the community at large than that of those to whom an Emir in an Arab village listens every day. Nay, more than this, we believe, in a large number of cases, their business consists in efforts to get the national officers to do some injury to the public by removing somebody whose experience makes him valuable, or appointing somebody for whose fitness there is not one word to be said.

This abuse, though it is less grave under President Cleveland, owing to the working of the Civil-Service Law, than under some of his predecessors, has reached a point at which speedy change is inevitable. The notion that the few hundred people who go to Washington, and swarm into the White House and into the departments in working hours, to gratify their curiosity, or set forth their petty personal troubles and aspirations, have stronger claims on the time of public officers than the 54,800,000 taxpayers who stay at home and attend to their business, is one of the many delusions born of the spoils system. It has been nursed in no inconsiderable degree by the four years' term. The belief that the President can make vacancies of course breeds the desire to urge him to make them, and the four years' term, naturally enough, furnishes the excuse for making them.

But the abuse has now reached an excess, owing merely to the growth of the country, which must, paradoxical as it may seem, result in cure. It promises to break down by its own weight. As long as Presidents made it their business to yield to "pressure," it was natural enough that they should give up their time to listening to the people who pressed. But President Cleveland has set an example of not yielding to pressure. So far so good. The next step in reform is to give no time to the pressers, because the Presidential time belongs to the American public. It is for attending to their business that he receives \$50,000 a year, and their business has reached such proportions that no man who charges himself with anything else can attend to it adequately. The chief support of the Sheikh system is that it is "democratic" in a public officer to be always ready to receive all comers. This may be democracy, but it is tribal democracy, the democracy of primitive and simple communities who assigned legislative, administrative, and judicial functions to the same officer. The business of large modern democracies has to be done through writing, and the place of the officer all day long is at his desk, and the only persons whom

he is bound to see are those who have business which concerns the State. Private woes and aspirations should be attended to by courts of justice or charitable associations. Indeed, it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the business on which the President and the chief Secretaries just now pass their mornings in Washington is business for a police justice or a philanthropist, and not for a statesman. The President of the United States, receiving all comers in working hours, is as great an anachronism as Moltke would be heading a charge of Haddowah Arabs, armed with a buckler and spear.

WORKINGMEN AND THE CHURCHES.

THE line of severance between our American Protestant churches and the working classes has become sharply marked. It is not our purpose to discuss the causes which have brought about the fact that workingmen have little to do with organized Christianity. Explain it as one pleases, the general fact is as stated. Perhaps the best proof that it is so, the only proof we need adduce to justify our assumption of the fact, is seen in the admissions and attitude of the churches themselves. No topic is given a more prominent place in discussions of church congresses, in the editorials and contributed articles of religious newspapers, in plans for church support and church extension, than the question how to stay the growing alienation of wage-workers from the churches.

This fact, so general and so generally admitted, is often declared to be a serious element in the present state of the labor question. It is very common to hear it alleged that the growing restlessness and turbulence of the laboring classes are due to their increasing freedom from religious restraints. Appeals are often made to the selfishness of the large capitalists, in order to induce them to contribute to the support of a city mission, for instance, on the ground that Christianity will make the workingmen more contented. The pulpit frequently takes occasion to point its assertions of the dependence of social order and stability upon Christianity, by instancing the destructive tendencies of those Socialists who have lost faith in the Church and her creed. The common implication allowed to go unquestioned is, that if workingmen were only regular attendants at church, and would put themselves in contact with "the restraints and consolations of religion," the present strained relations of labor and capital would be very greatly eased if not entirely relieved.

Now, it seems to us unlikely that such a result would follow. By the "restraints" of religion are ordinarily meant the motives drawn from the fear of future punishment, or from the desire of future bliss. But the truth is, that these motives are urged from the modern pulpit only with extreme rarity and reserve. There has been a great change of emphasis in preaching since Edwards. It is true that there are still heard perfunctory appeals in the old style from those who exhibit in the pulpit simply the acquired momentum of a past age; but as a general thing the stress of instruction and urgency is very differently placed. The exhortation no longer is, Restrain passion and limit indulgence and shun lawlessness, or you

will be everlastingly damned in the world to come; but rather, Do these things, or you will waste and wreck this life. Conduct is put in the light of a present social duty. It is the day of the gospel of the "secular life." All this seems to us a great gain. It tends to make church teaching a much more practical and vital thing. Yet it tends just as surely to make the gain which, it is supposed, would result if workingmen were regular church-goers, extremely problematical. There might be a "restraint" in their being told, if they believed it, that unless they were patient and submissive here they would never attain eternal happiness; but when preaching is so largely made a matter of the present life, there does not seem to be a strong likelihood that it would make them more contented with their lot, while they felt it to be one of hardship or injustice.

So, too, would it prove, we fear, with the hopes of the influence upon the working classes, if they could be brought into the churches, of the "consolations" of Christianity. By this term is meant the comfort, and help, and resignation which the Gospel is supposed to yield to those who are in affliction or in circumstances of trial or suffering. It is maintained that church-going workingmen would be more contented, under the influence of these "consolations," in times of labor depression and agitation. Now, we have nothing to say against the assuagements of grief which Christians undoubtedly find in their religion; but we may be permitted to observe that, so far as it is a question of contentment with a lot of poverty, it is a pious fiction to say that such contentment is the general characteristic of Christians. The great mass of American Protestants are found in the middle and wealthy classes. Workingmen do not see in them a placid satisfaction with straitened circumstances, but, rather, fully as much desire and striving for the good things of life as the man of the world exhibits. It is singularly opposed to the tendencies of human nature to suppose that a workingman who has to fight for a bare existence, would be made meekly content if he were only in the habit of sitting in the gallery of a church, once or twice a week, and looking down upon a collection of the prosperous and wealthy. There is something about this which irresistibly reminds one of the French Convention condescendingly "decreeing" the immortality of the soul, "ce principe consolateur."

Turning to the other side, and looking at the attitude of Socialism toward Christianity, we discover two positions taken, diametrically opposed to each other. The Extreme Left passionately denounces all religion which "advises the poor," to quote a specimen sentence, "to submit without murmuring to injustice, insult, oppression, degradation, and even death, on the transparent fraud that full compensation will be made in the land of the hereafter." Henry George and his followers, however, are at the other extreme, and present the surprising spectacle of an appeal from Christians to Christianity—of an agitation which professes to be not alone in the interests of justice, but also in the interests and in the spirit of Christianity. We have no thought to rule out the church as an element in the great and complex question of labor and capital. Doubtless it has its place

there. But we are very much disposed to doubt the efficacy of mere church-going as a solution of the labor problem.

COLLEGE GRADUATES IN GERMANY.

A YEAR or two ago Prof. Conrad, of Halle, one of the most sensible of the learned men of Germany, published an investigation of the attendance of students at the German universities during the last half century. The enormous increase in this attendance had already been the object of attention, and even of anxiety, among the Germans; and Professor Conrad laid before them the exact facts. He showed that while in the period 1861-66 there had been only about thirty-four university students for every 100,000 inhabitants, there were in 1883 as many as fifty-two and a half students for every 100,000 inhabitants, the increase being particularly noticeable in the "philosophical" branches—that is, in what we should call the non-professional studies, such as the languages, history, natural science. He pointed out that in these liberal branches the supply of highly trained and educated men, who had made a profession of study, teaching, and writing, went greatly beyond the demand. On the other hand, in branches like medicine and Protestant theology, the supply of trained men, if excessive at all, was by no means so much in excess of the demand. Of Catholic theological students the supply did not even meet the demand.

Since the publication of the volume containing these investigations two university semesters have gone by; and now there are published in the *Jahrbücher für National-Ökonomie* (which are edited by Professor Conrad), a series of tables on the same subject. The tables are printed without comment, but the facts brought out in them are very curious when taken in connection with the previous investigation. The whole number of university students shows an increase since the winter of 1883-84; it goes up from 25,478 at that time, to 26,494 in the present winter semester (1884-85). But in those departments of which Professor Conrad had said that they had too many students, we find a decrease in the attendance, whereas there is an increase in those branches in which he had noted an insufficient, or at least a not excessive supply. The theological students, both Protestant and Catholic, show an increase. Of the former he had said that there were not too many, of the latter that there were not enough. The medical faculty has a larger attendance than that of two semesters ago; here again the previous investigation had shown that the universities were not as yet turning out more doctors than there was room for in the country. On the other hand, the law students are actually less in number, being 4,914 now, in place of 4,946; while in the class of philosophical students there is a still more marked decrease—from 9,529 to 9,259. Of both the last mentioned (the law and the philosophical students) Professor Conrad had said there were altogether more of them than the demand for their services warranted. Now, of course, it may be a mere accident that these two things go together—that the branches in which there were said to be not too many students, now

show a larger attendance, while those concerning which a note of warning was sounded, show a falling off. But the coincidence is certainly very remarkable. Professor Conrad's book attracted a good deal of attention when it was published, more particularly among the university men whom it specially concerned; and it does not seem rash to infer some connection of cause and effect between his warnings and the shifting in the choice of studies which has taken place since he published them.

The most striking fact brought out by the general tables is the enormous increase in the number of what we should call non-professional students. The total number of university students has about doubled in the last fifty years; but the number of philosophical students has nearly quadrupled in the same time. It may be an indication of the drift of the time that, on the other hand, the number of Protestant theologians shows only a slight increase, and that of Catholic theologians an absolute decrease. As regards the philosophical students, the impetus to the study of natural science is one great cause of the larger number of devotees. But in other branches of those liberal studies which are lumped together as "philosophical," *e. g.*, in history and philology, there is still a disproportionate increase. One great cause of this is to be found, as Professor Conrad has pointed out, in the social conditions of Germany. The career of the scholar and professor enjoys high social consideration. A man who has written learned books and has added a crumb to the stock of the world's knowledge, can hold up his head with the bureaucracy and aristocracy. The merchants and manufacturers, the men whom we call business men, are rather looked down on, unless they succeed in making very large fortunes; for even in Germany money paves the way to social position, if there be only enough of it. In general, however, a "business" means a comparatively low place in the hierarchy of polite society. Now, there is probably nothing which exercises a stronger influence on the choice of a career than the social consideration which it brings. In Germany there has been enormous pressure and competition in the occupations which have the stamp of public esteem—the profession of the scholar, and the Government service, whether in administration or in the military. The consequence is, that in both these occupations a degree of perfection has been achieved that astonishes the world. In this country, on the other hand, success in business is a ready, if not the readiest, means to social success, and our greatest achievements have been in the line of industrial and commercial ventures. The Germans are now complaining that trade and industry have been too much looked down on by them, while we might readily complain that they have been too much looked up to by us. It is not unlikely that public consideration in the two countries will shift in opposite directions, and will eventually bring about in both a less arbitrary and irrational scale of social distinction. The stir about Professor Conrad's book is one of the signs that the overcrowding of the scholarly profession in Germany is being followed by a natural reaction; and certainly with us, on the other hand, the partiality to business and money-making as the

most brilliant of careers is less strong than it was a generation ago, and shows a steady abatement as time goes on.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.

LONDON, March 19, 1885.

THE irony of fate has seldom been displayed on a more conspicuous scale than in the history of the Gladstone Cabinet during the last five years. They came into power on the express understanding that domestic legislation and social reform were to be the main aims of their policy; that in foreign affairs they were to reverse the unquiet and aggressive tendencies of their predecessors, to promote peace and harmony all over the world, to limit in all possible ways the liabilities and responsibilities of Britain. Nor were these the mere pretences of partisans anxious to displace their antagonists. No fair-minded man can doubt that Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants were as sincere in setting these objects before them as were the crowds who cheered the admirable moral doctrines which he expounded with so much earnestness on so many occasions. What has been the issue? Only two measures of first-rate domestic importance have been passed during these five years—the Irish Land Bill of 1881 and the Parliamentary Reform Bill of this present session, which, important as its results will be, is certainly not a measure of social reform. All the other great domestic topics discussed in the electoral campaign of 1880 remain untouched, and the time of Parliament has been almost wholly occupied either by Irish troubles, Coercion Acts and Crimes Acts, or by discussions on foreign affairs. And how has it fared with foreign affairs? An enormous addition has been made to the liabilities of England by the occupation of Egypt and the expedition to the Sudan. Large annexations of territory have been made in Africa and the Eastern Archipelago. Fighting has gone on in South Africa. Three campaigns have been conducted in Northeastern Africa—that of Tell el-Kebir in 1882, that near Suakim in 1884, and a third still unfinished in the present year. A grave dispute has arisen with Russia regarding Afghanistan, and at this moment peace is preserved on the frontier north of Herat with the utmost difficulty.

Pretty well, the Tories say, for the most cautious and pacific of Governments! They find an easy explanation in the incompetence of the Ministry, which has never (according to their view) foreseen and therefore never been able to avert coming troubles, and in its willingness to abandon pledges and principles for the sake of retaining office. Observers in other countries will of course look for some deeper-lying causes, and will also ask, as many persons in England ask, why it is that England seems to find foreign policy so difficult, and succeed so ill with it. During the great war with Napoleon we gained immense credit, even under Ministers vastly inferior to Pitt, for the vigor and consistency we displayed. This reputation was on the whole maintained during the decades which followed; and unpopular as Palmerston became on the Continent, no one could in his days affect to laugh at England, or accuse her of weakness or unwisdom. Have our statesmen declined since his time? or has the bold spirit of the people been exchanged for lethargy and cowardice? The French and German newspapers, whose occupation has of late years been to rail at England, tell us so. They paint us as at once grasping and timid. We are selfish, keenly alive to our smallest commercial interest, meanly anxious to keep competitors at a distance, insensible to large views of progress and civilization, using Christianity and humanity as a mere cloak to our greed. At the same time we are short-sighted and timorous,

without the courage to make good our pretensions by force of arms, unwilling to undergo the sacrifices necessary for securing an imperial position. We have retained all the ambition of the days of Lord Chatham and his son, without the energy and self-confidence which alone dignified and seemed to justify that ambition. Thus our power is vanishing, and Europe need no longer trouble itself about us, for no threats we may make will be carried into effect. That this picture is untrue appears not only from its self-contradictions, but from the extent to which Europe still occupies itself with England. Were we really insignificant we should not be so closely watched nor so passionately abused. But in any case, confident that we know ourselves better than the French or Germans do, and feeling that neither the level of capacity in our statesmen nor the courage of the nation has declined, we need some other explanation of the failures and humiliations which we have had frequently to experience of late years in our foreign relations. I will endeavor to suggest one.

England is in a period of transition. Eighty years ago the middle classes and the multitude left foreign affairs entirely to the Crown and its advisers. The upper class, or rather that small section of the upper class which practically ruled, influenced the Crown and the Ministry; the mass of the people did not. Hence British foreign policy, whether wise or unwise, had in general the merits of vigor and consistency. The Executive commanded the whole force of a wealthy and martial nation. It adhered steadily, whether Whigs or Tories were in power, to a few cardinal doctrines, and its attitude scarcely changed with changes of ministry, because the class to which it belonged, and by which it was controlled, was little divided in opinion upon these matters. But since 1832 the middle classes, and since 1867 the poorer classes also, have obtained their share of power. They are supreme in all such domestic questions as are large enough to excite them. They have, through a reformed Parliament, the means of guiding and checking the Executive upon all questions, foreign policy included. Hitherto their views on foreign policy have been vague and crude, because their interest in it has been slight and their knowledge still slighter. They have usually left the Executive to itself, interfering only when their moral sentiment was roused, as it was by Mr. Gladstone against Lord Beaconsfield's pro-Turkish action in the years 1876 to 1878. But the fact that they are all-powerful and may at any time strike in, has distracted and weakened the Executive. It has no longer to look to a small class with which it is in social sympathy; it has to attempt to discover and obey the opinions of a multitude which has no opinions, but may suddenly develop them. To be sure, there is the House of Commons, consisting of better informed men, from whom some guidance might be expected. But the ordinary member of the House of Commons has little independent judgment on foreign affairs. He is far more disposed to follow than to guide, and throws back the responsibility on the Executive. Thus the Executive falls between two stools. It dare not act on its own judgment and that of the small ruling class which is chiefly interested in foreign policy, because the multitude has to be reckoned with. It cannot follow the lead of public opinion, as it would do in domestic questions, because upon foreign policy public opinion does not exist, or exists only in the form of a very few tendencies and veins of feeling too vague to give guidance in most of the emergencies which arise. Hence the uneasiness and timidity which beset our Government, and which marked Lord Beaconsfield's quite as much as they have done the present Cabinet.

That democracies were not made for foreign policy, or foreign policy for democracies, is a conclusion which many here feel themselves driven to. It is at any rate true that till we carry the democratic principle further, applying it to foreign as we have done to domestic affairs, and take no action abroad till we have secured the approval of the country to it, our present perplexities are likely to continue. They appear even in the constitutional machinery by which this part of the Administration is dealt with. Foreign affairs are still in theory the province of the Crown, and of the Crown only; the right of declaring war and making treaties is in point of law as much a part of the royal prerogative now as it was under Elizabeth. Unless where a money grant is needed, the approval of Parliament is not asked till after the decisive steps have been taken; and as negotiations must usually be conducted secretly, it is hard to arrange otherwise. Hence, Parliament is not consulted till the thing is done, and the Executive is obliged to guess how much support Parliament, and the country which Parliament obeys, will be disposed to give to its acts.

There is, it may be suggested, one way out of the difficulty. The Executive may, instead of waiting on the opinion of the country, undertake to form and lead that opinion; they may instruct the people, lay the problems of foreign policy fully before them, and then assume the responsibility of acting on their own views. It is certainly to be wished that more was done in this direction, for, ignorant as the English masses are about whatever lies outside their own islands, they are both teachable and loyal, ready to give ungrudging confidence to leaders whom they have learned to respect.

But here another trouble appears. The ruling class is larger than it used to be, and far less homogeneous, and its opinion is much more divided on principles of foreign policy than was formerly the case. That bold, unhesitating, slightly unscrupulous selfishness which used to guide England as it still guides most of the great states of Europe, has been qualified, and in many minds superseded, by sentiments of international justice, of humanitarianism, of an aversion to war and annexation so strong as to counsel the abandonment of much that we hold lest it should involve the acquisition of more. Views are much divided even as to the extent to which we are bound by existing treaty engagements, when those engagements might require a resort to arms for no plainly defensive purpose. While the bulk of the aristocracy and those who belong to the military and naval services talk and indeed exaggerate the haughty language of Nelson's and Wellington's days, many of those who aspire to lead the working class preach non-intervention, oppose an increase of armaments, and inculcate conduct which would soon bring the British Empire to an end. We have the principles of Julius Caesar and the principles of the Sermon on the Mount commended to us with equal warmth, and the nation hangs uncertain between them. These differences reappear even in the Cabinet, where, if rumor speaks truly, there have repeatedly been dissensions which only Mr. Gladstone's unequalled personal authority sufficed to allay. Hence ministries do less than they ought to instruct the people and give them a lead in foreign troubles. Themselves distracted and hesitating, they catch on indications of public opinion, and tend to prefer a middle to a decided course, because they thus postpone the necessity for a final decision, and give themselves a better chance of keeping step with the impulses of the masses. The less responsible Opposition is in this respect no better than the responsible Government. It is equally anxious to follow rather

than to lead the nation, and even less disposed to indicate positive views of policy. Though naturally more inclined to warlike and aggressive courses than is the Liberal party, it fears to commit itself to the advocacy of any particular war or aggression, lest the multitude should turn out to be on the other side. And thus the nation loses that light and leading which it has a right to expect from its foremost men, and without which no Democracy can prosper.

It is not surprising that under these conditions we should meet with rebuffs, and find our relations with other Powers occasionally strained. Consistent boldness or consistent non-interventionism would either of them give us a better chance than an alternation of the two. That things have not gone more against us has been owing partly to the great strength which the nation can put forth, and which makes foreign states shy of quarrelling with us; partly to the good sense of the people, who are on the whole disposed to support the Executive because it is the Executive, even when not satisfied of its wisdom in the particular case. The circumstances of our present dispute with Russia illustrate this disposition. There is a general notion that the Ministry have not shown skill in their management of the Afghan and Central Asian question. There is some doubt whether the particular point now at issue is really worth fighting about. But public opinion holds that the Government must be trusted in a matter of which it knows the ins and outs, and that as Mr. Gladstone is known to be a peace-lover and has always been rather friendly than hostile to Russia, any cause which induces him to take up arms is likely to be a sufficient cause. Much as the masses of the people dislike war and the taxation it involves, hardly a voice has been hitherto raised to urge any concession on the Government, because it is felt that the national honor is involved. Considering how near we may have been to a breach, or may be still, although the wisest heads think the cloud is passing off for the present, it is surprising how little the pulse of the country has been quickened. Were England once embarked in a struggle, she would go through with it with as much constancy as in the beginning of the century. But considering how many risks she runs of being involved with civilized as well as barbarous foes or rivals in different parts of the world, it is impossible not to feel anxious at the growing difficulties of maintaining a firm and steady attitude in foreign affairs, and of adapting to their management the ancient and almost obsolete forms of our monarchical constitution. Y.

TWO NOTABLE PICTURES.

LONDON, March 7, 1885.

THE exhibition of Holman Hunt's great painting, "The Triumph of the Innocents," was opened to the public on Monday, the 2d of March. The general expectation about this picture, of which for several years we have been hearing so much, was very great, so that the room of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street in which it is shown is constantly thronged this week with visitors. The room is arranged with graduated benches, like a theatre, and the darkness secured by heavy dark draperies makes the light falling on the picture, and the picture itself, extremely brilliant. It is an understood thing that a work of Holman Hunt's cannot be seen in a hurry, and that any expressions of surprise or any remarks on the work will keep till one is outside the room; so the spectators grope their way into the first vacant seat, and gaze in awe-struck silence. The picture, the prevailing tone of which is bright blue-green, is

placed on a rich background of mulberry-colored plush, which is draped behind the frame. We see a wide extent of cold wind-blown landscape, finely rendered, lighted by the moon. The Virgin, seated on an ass of the Mecca race, followed by its foal, is in the act of dressing the divine Child. She has passed his arm through one sleeve, while the Child is stretching backward and calling her attention to the holy throng of martyred children supposed to be invisible to all but his eyes. St. Joseph, with all the implements of the carpenter in a satchel on his back, is leading the ass by a rope, which he is pulling vigorously, and looking back into the landscape, fearing pursuers. They are passing over a stream, having stepping-stones, by which a tangle of Eastern cactus-like plants is growing. The travellers form the central and important group of the composition. Joseph and Mary, being clad in sombre Eastern garments, come dark against the landscape. Mary's head-dress alone is white, and some silver ornaments round her forehead catch the green light of the moonbeams. From the left corner above the Virgin and Child commences the garland of Innocents. The first group of three are just awakening to the new life: one seems stretching himself after sleep; his two companions are still asleep. One little darling sad-faced baby is hugging a dead bird as he floats along through the air above the central group, with his head resting on the shoulder of a third. Their crowns or halos are still unformed, and we see them shaping themselves in light above them. Below, from the left corner, round the ass and foal, begins a string of dancing glorified Innocents, which continues below the central group and leads out of the picture. Some seven of them are holding hands, and seem to be keeping watch round the travellers, whom they are protecting. They are garlanded and crowned with flowers, and some of them bear branches of pomegranate and almond blossom. One little child is examining a cut through its garment, in surprise that no wound shows where the death-blow fell. The foremost leads the way in priestly attitude, bearing incense in a silver cup which he holds aloft; his vestment is red and very beautiful. The brook is strewn with flowers which the children have scattered; and immense globules or bubbles, one representing as in a crystal ball the millennium,* dance along with the children.

The string of Innocents and the globules of the brook are supposed to be lighted with a celestial glowing light, in strong opposition to the rest of the picture; and this double system of coloring, treated, as Holman Hunt does everything, in a very realistic manner, brings about a garishness and inharmonious effect which are very painful. Some of the children have light bits of drapery of brightest tint; one little cap of intensest blue is prominent. The colors about them are magenta reds and pink, and the garlands of flowers, which ought to be so telling, are indicated in coarse touches of most vivid vermilion, yellow, blue, and red. The draperies are unfortunately very hard, and as if they had been melted upon the forms in metal. The children are beautifully drawn and most exquisitely composed; as to grouping and line and pathos, nothing could be more lovely. They recall the Donatello dancing group, because the action is somewhat similar. The flesh has the usual opalescent quality of Holman Hunt's flesh; the modelling is often too thoroughly insisted on; the shadows are unfortunately black. As to the types chosen, there is great variety: Syrian, street Arab, and blue-

* To quote the descriptive pamphlet: "The stream is portrayed as ever rolling onward and breaking—where it might if real water be dissipated in vapor—into magnified globes which image the thoughts rife in that age in the minds of pious Jews, particularly of those in great tribulation, of the millennium which was to be the mature outcome of the advent of the Messiah."

eyed English babies are holding hands together in this triumphant dance. The child Christ is beautiful. His action as he leans in delight toward the children is very fine. The Virgin is the least agreeable of all the figures. She is Eastern but very common-looking, thin and plain, and not young enough. The lazy smile and fatuous expression with which she contemplates her good fortune in having saved her son, do not at all come up to the artist's intention as he explains it in the little book which earnest admirers buy at the door, for the modest sum of sixpence, in order to understand the symbolism of the work.

We find quoted also, in this pamphlet, Professor Ruskin's laudatory remarks from the "Art of England," and a history of the troubles which Mr. Holman Hunt went through in the making of this work, painted firstly in the East on a linen which would not stand, and finally repainted here since 1882. We hear that £40,000 is the price the picture ought to realize; £20,000 has been offered and refused at an early stage. Those who understand these things assure me that, with the exhibition and the engraving, the price desired will be certainly attained. It is a matter of regret to true lovers of art that so much exquisite intention and such earnest study of the subject should be marred by overwork and hardness, and by a pervading dissuance in the color.

Munkacsy's "Calvary" is now here, exhibited at Egyptian Hall with all the paraphernalia and solemnity which picture-dealers delight in—a darkened room reached through obscure passages; seats arranged; explanations printed on fans; and a wide, roped-off distance, so that no one shall get near the picture. This immense canvas is intended for a companion of the "Christ before Pilate," which excited so much attention three years ago. The qualities of Munkacsy's work are exactly those which appeal to the general public—strong and realistic painting without any subtleties or refinements to puzzle the beholder; the drawing firm and correct; the dark and light effectively distributed; the *tout ensemble* exactly giving the effect of a tableau at the theatre. In "Calvary" Munkacsy depicts the moment when, after having crucified Christ and the two malefactors, the spectators and perpetrators of the deed are turning to come away down the hill. The cry of the dying Christ, "It is finished," arrests many in their downward course: they turn and look at him with different expressions of terror, hatred, or fear. The crosses are placed at the summit of a hill; rocky ledges of gray stone slope downward to the left. Christ and the thieves are on the extreme right. The Virgin, in black robes, her head swathed in white, kneels in an agony of grief at the foot of the cross, embracing her son's feet. The Magdalen, in blue, with loose red hair, kneels beside her, hiding her face with her hands. St. John, in a deep-red garment, looks compassionately on the kneeling mother as he stands to the right of the cross. A centurion, admirably painted, sits in the extreme foreground to balance the composition, as the crowd is rushing toward the left corner downward from the cross. The background is formed by a hedge of centurions, very black against a murky sky, composed of yards of dirty blue and black and gray color. The composition is emphasized by the distribution of whites leading the eye to the Christ, whose white body-cloth is the highest note below the Virgin's white coil; and at the extreme left a Rabbi, in splendid white, warmly-toned vestments, on a white charger, is the lowest white note, from which our eye naturally reverts to the Saviour. The models are well-known Jewish types of the lowest order, recalling the Ghetto of Amsterdam or, in some of the more refined heads, the Paris Bourse. The

executioner is one of the most degraded figures I have ever seen; the thieves also. The crowd of spectators rushing downhill are real and individual in movement and in face. The Rabbits discussing are very vivid figures throughout. Light against dark and dark against light is the system observed; but the want of beauty, the want of feeling, the theatrical effect, and the absence of any distinction of type or spirituality in the Christ, makes it very evident that this is not a subject to be approached by our nineteenth-century painters, however skilful they may be. As to the technique, I should judge it to be rather coarse, but the rope kept me at a respectful distance, and the attendant presented me with a pamphlet declaring this to be the finest picture of our century.

THE RÉMUSATS.

PARIS, March 12, 1885.

THE correspondence of Mme. de Rémusat has reached its fourth volume. Some families destroy all their letters; it is very fortunate that the Rémusats are not of the number. In our time of telegrams and railways, there are, I suppose, very few people who cultivate the art of letter-writing. We live too fast, we have too much to devour and to digest, we have no leisure, we are the slaves of society. Few among us have a small number of chosen people to whom we confide, year after year, day after day, our inmost thoughts; before whom we can, so to speak, think aloud. Mme. de Rémusat was, in that respect, as fortunate as Mme. de Sévigné; she was even more fortunate, for her son Charles de Rémusat was a young man of extraordinary intelligence, open to all ideas, full of wit, who took an extreme interest in all the affairs of his time, political as well as literary. Mme. de Grignan was herself a good correspondent, and her letters are sometimes charming; but she was, in many senses, inferior to Charles de Rémusat. The letters of M. de Rémusat and his mother make a sort of perpetual dialogue; and in this dialogue we must give the first place to the mother: her letters are decidedly the best. He is a little too paradoxical, he runs too much after wit; she is perfectly natural, and she has the precious faculty of saying good, sensible things with a degree of charm, with an elegance, a simplicity, which gives them their full value. Her style is like her mind—it is what we call in France *very coulant*: it runs, like a clear and gay brook, without any noise; it leaves an impression of ease and pleasure. The style of Charles, her son, is a little too much *travaillé*; he is a little more personal, and cannot forget himself.

It is to me, I confess, delightful to see Mme. de Rémusat read her classics as we read the latest magazines: "Your father is well; he reads aloud the comedies of Molière, which charm us, or the 'Lutrin' (of Boileau), or the fables of La Fontaine, or the *Contes* of Voltaire." She was then a *préfète* at Lille (in 1818). "Do read again 'George Dandin'; your father reads admirably. . . . Why should you not play it next year with Mme. Molé? I should be delighted to play the part of Mme. de Sottenville. But why should you not also play 'L'École des Femmes,' with the 'Critique' as a small piece, which is charming? Well, I dote just now upon Molière, and I find a hundred occasions to cite him, to the ministers, to everybody, and even to myself, in default of something better." Mme. de Rémusat was somewhat alarmed by the extraordinary interest her son took in the politics of the day. Not that she was indifferent herself, but she did not wish him to lose himself entirely in the small parliamentary and journalistic gossip. He had a curious and somewhat pedantic way of referring every

possible subject to his political preoccupations. In order to counteract this tendency she always brought him back to literature. Is not this very good advice?

"You must sometimes give your mind and your heart to something different from politics; rest them both by studies of another kind. Purify your imagination with letters, which I believe more and more to be useful to mankind. They transport us into an ideal world, which contrasts with ours; they soften the bitterness which contradiction necessarily creates. If I may be allowed to use a trivial comparison, it seems to me that they give a new coat of paint to the mind fatigued by political discussions; and when you are refreshed and purified by them, you will see that you will return to business better disposed to judge of things than those who have not ceased to look at them minutely day after day. I assure you that the reasonable and fixed opinions which you see me hold are due in part to the fact that I only think momentarily of what is going on. It is quite possible that I owe to Rousseau, to Fénelon, to Molière, with whom I spend my evenings, the lucidity which allows me to pass an impartial judgment on the papers which I read in the morning."

Her son's answer to this excellent advice is characteristic. He maintains that politics has devoured everything; that to be political is merely to consider human nature in all its aspects. "Politics," says he, "is now the only source from which serious men can take their meditations, fanatical men their enthusiasm, gay men their epigrams." He finds it very pleasant, very amusing. For instance, is he not pleasant, this M. Tollivet, who the other day, when he ascended the tribune in order to speak to the ministerial proposition, felt somebody seize him by the arm and say, "What are you going to do? why speak for the Ministers? your six children are well placed"; and who answered, "Yes, but I am expecting another."

Rémusat was still very young, though his letters are often a little pedantic. He discussed the character of Louis XIV. with his mother, compared Fénelon's political views in the 'Télémaque' with Montesquieu's 'Esprit des Loix.' His mother once tells him, "Do you know that if I keep your letters and if you keep mine, and if by chance a third person ever puts his nose into our correspondence, this third person will perhaps find us a little heavy?" No, she is never heavy; her dissertations, even when they are a little didactic, have an extraordinary grace. And he is very modern: he jumps out of old times constantly into his own time, sometimes turning a somersault.

The Memoirs of Mme. d'Épinay appeared in 1818; they were particularly interesting to the Rémusats, as Mme. d'Épinay was, by alliance, sister-in-law of Mme. de Labriche, the aunt of Mme. de Vintimille; and in these memoirs there is a perpetual mention of Mme. d'Houdetot, grandmother of Mesdames Germain, de Barante, and de Bazancourt. The Memoirs of Mme. d'Épinay are a singularly candid description of the state of society at the end of the eighteenth century. The two parties which existed in 1818, the Liberals and the Ultras, fought much over it. Mme. de Rémusat was peculiarly struck by the details concerning Rousseau:

"Oh, my son, what curious people these philosophers were! what exalted brains! what violence! what activity of pride! what strong emotions about nothing! Their system was a fanaticism like any other. There is a funny word of Voltaire to all these sectarians: 'Love each other,' said he, 'for who would love you?' My friend, I make my excuses to the last century, but I continue to prefer Racine, Pascal, Nicole, Boileau, Molière, etc. Do you know what these people of the eighteenth century were in want of? Of *pudor*. Even their morality was tainted with egotism. Oh, believe me, the morality of Christianity, which recommends so much diffidence, knew well the weakness of humanity."

Charles de Rémusat agrees only partly with his mother; if he did completely, he could not

write a clever letter in answer to her. In his view, the Memoirs of Mme. d'Épinay explain the French Revolution: "In a country where nothing was respected or respectable in the institutions, the new ideas, in order to spread, needed only the weapons of pleasantry and frivolity. But they denaturalized themselves; they became the weapons of malice. From the good company they descended into the ranks of the bad company. Among the people they took on the character of a passionate prejudice. What happened when the system broke up? The bad company, and what approached it, was timid, blind or frivolous. The philosophers, who had never been anything but writers, and who had thought themselves dispensed from forming their characters, were not stronger than the rest. The people were violent, and soon ferocious. You know the rest." Speaking then of the violence and the follies of the Ultramontane party, he says that the arms of combat must be changed at times: "As is the attack, must be the defence; and, as I would borrow the ideas of Pascal to defend religion against an impious writer, I would borrow sarcasms from Diderot to fight Chateaubriand." Mme. de Rémusat saw further than her son. The philosophers had employed the weapon of irony and pleasantry, not only because it was the weapon of the time, but because it strikes hard, even when it does not strike justly. She compares their attempt to the fable of the Titans, or to the idea of the Tower of Babel. "Man is a feeble creature thrown in this universe by I know not what mysterious will, the secret of which he can never know. . . . The scepticism of the philosophers confounded everything; they attacked God himself, and finally their attempts against the immensity of the Creator of all things magnified them in their own eyes, and they looked upon all things with a domineering contempt."

The affection of Mme. de Rémusat had its weaknesses; she shows in her correspondence a little too much inquietude with regard to her son's relations with his patrons and protectors in Paris. Charles, whether from shyness or from pride, or from an innate tendency to ingratitude, did not manifest toward M. Molé, who had procured him a place, and who could do much for him as well as for his parents, the sentiments which his mother would have desired him to manifest. She becomes at times very nervous, too nervous on the subject; she is alarmed when her son tells her that his conversations with M. Molé, when he meets him, are generally reduced to the single phrase: "How do you do?" She is afraid that M. Molé will lose his interest in a young man so little demonstrative, so reticent. She is even afraid that this coldness may hurt the position of her husband, who was prefect at Lille. These fears were vain; men of a certain age do not expect much from young men of twenty. I notice this nervousness as showing a little weakness of character, and too much humility of a certain sort in an otherwise high-minded person. I think I see a trace of it also in her sentiments toward Napoleon. She thinks it necessary to write to her son: "I have only wished the fall of the author of my fortune because his oppression humiliated my soul." She certainly had not been well treated by Napoleon; she had been very useful in the difficult days of the Consulate, and Napoleon had thrown her in the background during the brilliant days of the Empire. But a noble soul ought not to dwell on these comparisons, and must console itself with higher thoughts. The debt which Napoleon had not paid was paid by the Bourbons, and the Bourbons could have done nothing for Mme. de Rémusat if Napoleon had been too generous to her.

As a wife, as a mother, Mme. de Rémusat was

admirable. During a visit which she makes to Paris she speaks of her Charles to everybody—to M. Molé, to Talleyrand, to M. de Barante; she sees a hundred people, but she sees him only. "Ah! my dear friend," she writes to her husband, "under what a different aspect the world appears to us when we only look on it through a son and for a son. Last evening I saw my sister, young and pretty, surrounded with flattery, other young women busy with the noise made about themselves, and I was out of it all—indifferent to whatever was not Charles, looking only at him, speaking only of him, following him with my eyes, hearing his words, trying to understand all his motives, intent only on him, as if there were no life left to me but his life. And it is partly true, for my own life is really a poor little thing. Ah! the best of children does not know what he is to his mother."

This volume of correspondence is full of such charming passages. The literary judgments are always marked by the best sense and the most refined taste; there is in the style a certain ideality, an instinctive abhorrence of adjectives and adverbs, a certain sort of well-bred precision, which makes one think constantly of those great writers of the seventeenth century who were the favorites of Mme. de Rémusat.

Correspondence.

A FORTIORI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If I have made a mistake, I am quite ready to apologize. In the passage to which "C. W. E." objects, I intended to refer to Mr. Randall, but inadvertently confounded his last with his former position. Excepting, however, for the possible injustice to Mr. Carlisle, the argument remains the same—that there is somebody in Congress, whether the Speaker or the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, who has the power of manipulating the public finances to suit his own purposes, without any public or effective responsibility for his action. Indeed, the argument will cover both cases. As I understand it, the Speaker appoints the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations at his absolute discretion, limited only by his sense of political obligation. If he, whatever his nominee may do, is to be freed from blame by an appeal to the "rules of the House," if he is presumed to have cleared his reputation by "indicating in his valedictory address annoyance at the course of business in the House," then I say this is just what constitutes the objection to the present position of the Speaker and the whole course of business—namely, great power with little or no responsibility. Consider what a dangerous conclusion it is, that the Speaker elected to office by a party vote, and distributing important positions on committees among his supporters, should then be held free from responsibility for their conduct.

The rules of the House, again, are an elaborate network, devised, with the wonderful organizing power of our people, for getting some sort of order out of what would otherwise be perfect chaos. They cover endless possibilities of iniquity, yet they cannot be touched because nobody is responsible for them, nobody knows what to substitute for them, and without them business could not get on at all. One principal advantage of introducing, say, the Secretary of the Treasury to the floor of the House, would be that even before coming to the real business of the country, we should get a starting-point for the reform of methods. If a member now ventures to question the propriety of any of the rules, he finds himself "sat upon" by a majority which he cannot touch or question. The Secretary could not be silenced

in that way. The House would not dare to suppress questions addressed to him by individual members, and still less the answer which the country would be awaiting; and little by little the light would penetrate those corners where deeds of darkness find congenial cover, and publicity and individual responsibility would gradually replace the present lamentable defect of those qualities. Nor would the Secretary in any way encroach on the right of the House to determine its own procedure, as his answers would turn merely upon the effect of this procedure upon administration, and no change could be made without the deliberate concurrence of the House. It is leadership which is wanting to replace the scattered and irresponsible authority of Speaker and committees. G. B.

Boston, March 30, 1885.

ASSOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The anonymous communication from a distinguished European archaeologist which appeared in the *Nation* of November 13, 1884, has just been brought to my notice. His statement that the Turkish law of 1874, under which the investigations at Assos were carried on, "enacts that all indivisible sculptures shall not be divided, but valued and given up to the finder in exchange for their estimated value," is, unfortunately, not correct. The law by no means thus favors the excavator with the promise of ultimate possession. Article 5 of the Code directs that antiquities are to be divided, as the expert appointed by the Ministry of Public Instruction may determine, either *en nature* or *en valeur*. And as, at the time of the division, the Turkish Government had decided to allow no sale and no exportation of antiquities (excepting of those which they were pledged to give up by previous agreement), the lots were made out in kind. Even if this had not been the case, it would have been futile to argue with "a set of ruffians like the Turks" that the sculptures from the epistyle of the archaic temple were indivisible, when they knew that at that very time half of those sculptures were in Paris.

Since the terms of the division have been made a matter of public discussion, it is only just that Hamdi Bey should, in this business, at least, be exculpated from the impudence and encroachment attributed to him by your correspondent. Hamdi Bey was at the time travelling in Syria, and had nothing whatever to do with the arrangement made at Assos, the Turkish Government being then represented by Demetrios Bey Baltazzi. JOSEPH THACHER CLARKE.

LONDON, March 15, 1885.

THE LADY "BACHELORS" OF ARTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a standing jest with those of your minor esteemed contemporaries who find the education of women a very humorous idea, that their college degree should designate them "bachelors." It is a pity to diminish jocularity in any way in a sad world like this, but when the joke arrives at the *Fall Mall Gazette* it is perhaps time to throw a little cold etymology on it. The fact is that the word *bachelor*, both by its origin and its modern scholastic use, is as much feminine as masculine. Its application in common speech to an unmarried male, though as old as Chaucer, is a later and secondary meaning of the word, and has nothing to do with its use in the college degree. This scholastic use goes back to the French *bachelier* (thirteenth century), *bachelor* (twelfth century), *baceler* (eleventh century), from Latin *baccalarius* and *baccalaria*, young male and female farm-laborers (from *bac-*

calaria, a herd of cows, from *bacca*, for *bacca*, a cow). The use of the Latin term for both sexes is illustrated in a passage quoted by Brachet from an abbey's property-list of the ninth century: "Colonica in Campania: Stephanus, colonus; uxor Dara; Dominicus, filius baccalarius; Martina, filia baccalaria." Littré gives the word *bachelière* as applied to "a young girl in attendance on a bride" (Berry).

While the original use of the word *bachelor* in the college degree goes back to this bi-sexual term in French and Latin, its continuance in use since the middle ages is probably due, in part, to a mistaken derivation, concocted by university clerks in the sixteenth century. From the French *bachelier* had been made a Latin *baccalaureus* (equally well *bacca laurea*), then *baccalaureatus*, and they now gave all these an imaginary paternity in *bacca lauri*, the bay of Apollo and the laurel crown.

So, whether the college term "bachelor" rest upon its real derivation from the mediæval farm-laborer, or upon the prettier fancied derivation from the laurel, it is applied with equal propriety (as it is to be hoped it may some time be with equal frequency) to women as to men.

E. R. S.

"IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The stories which have been published under the above title are remarkable for depth of feeling and beauty of description, and as pictures of life and character. But they are far from being accurate pictures of life and character in the Tennessee mountains. So full of minute detail are they, so carefully is local color dwelt upon, that failure to make them true to nature is all the more noticeable. But for the manifest effort at realism, one who is familiar with the mountains of Tennessee could hardly believe that Miss Murfree has meant her stories to be thought of as other than pure fiction, describing actual places only as a basis for that fiction.

From various reviews of the book, it seems to be regarded as a real representation of place and people. Strangest of all, the dialect is quoted as possessing philological accuracy. One needs to go no further than the table of contents for proof that this is incorrect—e. g., "The Harnt that waiks Chilhowee." A Tennessean very rarely uses *haunt* as a noun; never does he pronounce even the verb "harnt." "Mounting" is, I am sure, not commonly heard. It is contrary to the spirit of language in this section to preserve final *g* when it belongs to the word; this clipping is seen in "A-Playin'," "Electioneerin'," "Dancin'," which occur in other titles of the collection. A favorite expression of the author is "studdier" (instead of). It is never heard. The mountaineers say *stid o'*, just as they say *bed-stid*. Nor do they say "ken" (for past tense of come), or "jowin" (*jaivin'* is the word), or "brigaty" (it is *biggity*), or "you-uns" (when only one is addressed). A long list of inaccuracies might be made. I mention only a few, as they present themselves when the book is opened at random. As usual in dialect writing, there is much exaggeration—e. g., *any* and *once* written "enny" and "wunse." These people have certain peculiarities of speech, consisting mainly in the retention of expressions which were in current use a century ago in the old country, and among Scotch-Irish settlers in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and elsewhere. Some of these words Miss Murfree has caught, but not always nor often just as they are spoken.

In spite of a marked attempt at localization, the most intelligent of our mountaineers would fail to recognize the scene of any one of these stories from anything in itself, except when, oc-

casional, the real name of cove or mountain is given. And in such cases it is only the name that he can recognize. I presume that the author has seen something of life in the Cumberland Mountains, where some of the scenes are laid; of life in the Smokies she apparently knows little. 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains,' now publishing as a serial, is thus far not truer to nature than the short stories have been. Rocky might be substituted for Smoky with equal appropriateness.

The interest in these stories has been so universal that your readers may possibly wish to know where the Smoky Mountains are. The name is given to a portion of the long range parallel to and about 45 miles north of the Blue Ridge, commonly to that part of the range which forms the boundary between Tennessee and North Carolina, lying between the French Broad River on the east and the Little Tennessee River on the west. The highest peak is Clingman's Dome, 6,600 feet above sea-level, and only a few feet lower than Mt. Mitchell. The Little Tennessee River at John Howard's farm, where it cuts through the mountains, is only 899 feet above sea level; Bald Mountain, directly over that point, is 4,922 feet. The region is indescribably grand in its wildness and ruggedness. At either end of the Smokies there is a passable road, that along Little Tennessee River being humorously called a turnpike; but in the seventy miles between, there are only two trails over which wagons can be driven across the mountains. The Thomas road, made during the war, crosses at an elevation of 5,271 feet. It leads, if one has good luck in getting over it, to Quallatown, the home of some Indians who refused to go to the Indian Territory with their tribe. The State road from Newport, Tenn., to Waynesville, N. C., crosses Mt. Sterling at an elevation of about 5,000 feet. There are horse-trails to Thunderhead, the Balds, and a few other peaks where the mountains are sufficiently open for use as herding-grounds. A half-dozen herders' cabins are the only human habitations on the summit. Along the base of the range are lovely coves, from a half-mile to ten miles long, from a few hundred yards to two miles in width. In these coves are the "settlements" (not "settlements"), and there are some clearings further up the mountain-side. The coves are never less than seven miles, by trail, below the top of Smoky Mountains, and are walled in by other high mountains on the north. They were settled, shortly before 1800, chiefly by persons from North Carolina (the region belonged to that State until 1789), Virginia, and Pennsylvania, most of them being of Scotch-Irish ancestry. The descendants of those people have made few changes in their ways of living, not readily taking up new-fangled notions. They are almost ideally hospitable and kind; quiet and often of dignified bearing; gentle and peaceable, except when they have suffered real or supposed wrong, and at that moment the traveller, if prudent, will return to his home; never surprised at anything; exceedingly sensitive, yet largely without sentiment. Formerly there was some illicit distilling in the coves, but the people could never think of it as illicit. Now there is none. The methods of getting rid of moon-shining have made the mountaineers somewhat shy of strangers. On the whole, they are not materially different from other mountain dwellers who are secluded from intercourse with the outer world.

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey map of the mountain region of Tennessee and North Carolina, published in 1865, and partially revised last year, is fairly good. The hypsometric observations were made chiefly by the late Professor Guyot, though, unfortunately, not all of his measurements are given. In No. 737 of

the *Nation* you gave an interesting description of the country east of the French Broad. Magnificent as that country is, it is tame by comparison, and has so far forgotten its natural wildness as to submit to a railway and several hotels. The Smokies will long resist any such innovations.

E. ALEXANDER.

UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE,
KNOXVILLE, March 25, 1885.

Notes.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS add to their spring announcements the following: 'Hunting Trips of a Ranchman,' by Theodore Roosevelt; and 'Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute,' by Theo. F. Rodenbough, Bvt. Brigadier-General, U. S. A. The latter is a concise sketch of Russia's advance in Central Asia, and will be accompanied by maps and illustrations. By the same publishers Mr. George W. Williams's 'History of the Negro Race in America,' originally brought out in two volumes, is now compacted into one in a popular edition. Considering the ill-digested contents of this book, even a seeming reduction of its bulk is a gain; but it is a pity that some revision could not have been attempted.

The 'Life of N. P. Willis,' by Prof. H. A. Beers, of Yale College, will speedily be added to their "American Men of Letters" series by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

With the recently-issued tenth volume, Messrs. Scribner's series of "Stories by American Authors" is brought to an end. In all, it embraced fifty-seven stories by fifty-two writers, nineteen of whom were ladies. One story was reprinted from an out-of-print book; another was written or rather wholly rewritten for this series; five were taken from daily papers, and two from the departed weekly *Fiction* and *Swinton's Story-Teller*, while one came from an English magazine. The remaining forty-seven were republished from the American monthly magazines—two from *Appleton's*, two from the *Galaxy*, three each from *Putnam's* and the *Overland*, four from *Lippincott's*, five from *Harper's*, nine from the *Atlantic*, and seventeen from *Scribner's* and the *Century*.

The last publication in the Johns Hopkins University Studies in historical and political science is 'Local Institutions of Virginia,' by Edward Ingle, author of a paper in the first series upon Parish Institutions of Maryland. The subject treated in the present issue is one of great importance, inasmuch as the Virginia system appears not only to have controlled the adjoining Southern States, but to have exercised a powerful influence in the neighboring Northern States (see Mr. Shaw's paper upon Local Government in Illinois in the first series). Mr. Ingle's paper is a long one (a double number), and contains six chapters besides an appendix. The first treats of Virginia and the Virginians, the others, respectively, of land tenure, the hundred, the parish, the county, and the town. The last two of these possess the most interest, inasmuch as the county is the distinctive institution of local self-government, while the town is conspicuous by its absence. There have been various efforts made to introduce the town system into Virginia, and Jefferson especially says: "We owe to them the vigor given to our Revolution in its commencement in the Eastern States, and by them the Eastern States were enabled to repeal the embargo, in opposition to the Middle, Southern, and Western States, and their large and lubberly divisions into counties which can never be assembled." The author speaks, in conclusion, of the growth, especially since the war, of numerous towns, as places of collective residence. Some method of giving them a corporate character and

local self-government is, he thinks, likely to be called out by the necessities of the case.

The Publication Agency of the Johns Hopkins University are about to put forth photographic reproductions of three pages of the Bryennios manuscript, edited with notes by Prof. J. Rendel Harris. These pages include the last verse of the Epistle of Barnabas, the superscription and opening of the first, and the close of the second Epistle of Clement, the first verses of the Teaching of the Apostles, and the last verses of the Epistle of Ignatius to the Romans, etc. The edition is limited.

Meantime, Professors Hitchcock and Brown have revised and greatly enlarged their edition of the 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles' after the above manuscript (Scribners). The discussions growing out of the already extensive literature caused by Bryennios's discovery are noticed at length, and the work now nearly fulfils the scholarly idea of the editors.

If the winter of our discontent could be made summer by the flowers of art, Prang & Co. would be entitled to a harvest festival for their abundance of floral and ornithological Easter cards, of which they also issue an illustrated catalogue, with miniature reproductions of the most salient examples. Some of them certainly surpass anything of the kind yet produced, and have given work to our best artists in this vein. Some of the toilet or "easel-back" arrangements are the ne-plus-ultra of chromolithography.

We receive from John Ireland a novelty in Easter cards, consisting of a series of photographs from sacred subjects with appropriate verses, the whole held at one of the upper corners by a bit of white satin ribbon, and enclosed in tasteful decorative covers in excellent chromolithography, with various lilies framing the title, "An Easter Offering."

The usual defects of out-door photography are manifest in the several groups in which General Grant is the central figure, taken by Pach Bros. The arrangement of the trio in the stereoscopic view is the most pleasing. There is, in the set before us, a large head of Grant too much worked over to be characteristic, and also a large-sized view of his Long Branch cottage.

Of the two "souvenir albums" sent us by Adolph Wittmann—namely, of California and of New Orleans and the Exposition—the latter will probably have more vogue on account of its novelty. The fashion of these glazed prints after photographs is not to our liking. It is at best a makeshift, pending the perfecting of the processes of nature-engraving.

The *American Architect* announces the first of a series of publications under its direction, entitled 'Monographs of American Architecture,' Austin Hall, the new home of the Harvard Law School, is the subject. It will be illustrated by eighteen "gelatine plates," of which a sample is given in the *Architect* for March 28.

The portraits accompanying Mrs. Lamb's "Framers of the Constitution," in the April number of the *Magazine of American History*, seem to us as valuable as any part of the general contents. Some religious journal was deprived of "copy" when Dr. Parkhurst's "Work as an Educating Power" was allowed admission to the magazine. Except on the theory of a mixture of manuscripts in the printing-office its appearance here is unaccountable.

It is a pleasure to look upon such beautiful specimens of map-making as the newest sheets of the great "Atlas of New Jersey," upon which the Geological Survey of that State is engaged. Three sheets had already appeared, and now we have Nos. 2, "Southwestern Highlands" (embracing Easton, Penn., and the Delaware Water Gap); 6, "Central Red Sandstone" (embracing Newark, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick,

etc.); and 16, "Egg Harbor" (embracing Atlantic City, Egg Harbor City, Barnegat, etc.). The completion of No. 1 will give us the entire northern portion of the State as far south as the parallel of Elizabeth. The scale, our readers may need to be reminded, is a mile to an inch, so that the topographical indications are very full. The execution is in the best style of Julius Bien & Co.

Kiepert's map of the Congo region, which we lately described, is found also in No. 115 of the *Journal* of the Berlin Geographical Society (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer). Dr. Kiepert furnishes the accompanying text.

In the last *Compte Rendu* of the Société de Géographie is an interesting map of the northern part of Formosa, executed by the officers of the French expeditionary force in 1884. Not only are the physical features of the country given and the various roads, together with their character, but the places in which are the tea, rice, indigo, and sugar plantations are carefully indicated. On the east coast there is noted a forest of tree ferns more than twenty-three feet high.

We took notice, at the time, of the vindication of General Arthur Görgey on the 23d of November last. This "Declaration by Soldiers of the Hungarian Army of 1848-9" appeared in the *Nemzet* of November 23, and has been translated by Arthur J. Patterson, the full list of signers being appended. Our copy of this pamphlet bears the imprint of Warren Hall & Lovett, London.

Madam Jessie White Mario, widow of the Italian patriot, Alberto Mario, has felt it her duty to undertake a *Life of Mazzini*, of which the first sheets have come to hand. She apologizes in her preface (written, like the book, in Italian) for assuming the task of others—of the great agitator's own countrymen; but it is evident that, as an Englishwoman, she has exceptional qualifications for writing one among the many biographies which time is likely to produce. G. Carducci furnishes a stately poem, and the historical painter, Girolamo Induno, contributes a forcible likeness of Mazzini. There will be other full-page illustrations of excellent quality, to judge by the sample. "Della Vita di Giuseppe Mazzini" is the title. Madam Mario's memorial volumes to her husband are still incomplete.

A few weeks ago our foreign exchanges enabled us to describe M. Clermont-Ganneau's entertaining new work entitled "Les Fraudes Archéologiques en Palestine." A perusal of it at first hand (Paris: Ernest Leroux) confirms all that we reported concerning it, and we can recommend the little volume as a congenial interpolation among the novels of the day. It treats of fiction, figments, and frauds, with a touch as light as it is sure. The work opens with a brief enumeration of the seven genuine ancient inscriptions that Palestine has yielded, then passes to the trade of fabrication so extensively carried on in that country, and, after taking up in detail a large number of counterfeit rings, seals, steles, statues, sarcophagi, lamps, etc., arrives at the narrative of chief interest—the unmasking of Shapira, with his false Moabite potteries and MS. of Deuteronomy. The fifth chapter demonstrates the spuriousness of certain antiquities in the museums of Vienna, Paris, and London.

It is altogether an odd sign of the breaking down of old barriers, that a catalogue of the collections, historical and archaeological, of the National Museum of Mexico, by W. W. Blake, is from the press of the Burlington Hawkeye, Iowa. It is a little volume of 119 pages. The appendix tells of the unearthing, in October last, of an inscribed fragment of a conjectured Aztec funeral monument. Its last appearance above ground was when it served as part of a corner of an old building, for "Franceses" and "Americanos" had been painted on adjacent angles.

Mr. H. L. Braekstad, to whom we owe the fine translation of Asbjörnsen's fairy tales, has recently adapted the most popular of recent Swedish comedies, the "True Woman" of Anne Charlotte Edgren (London and New York: Samuel French & Son).

Mr. G. Eneström issued in 1884 at Stockholm (F. & G. Beijer) a quarterly *Bibliotheca Mathematica*, containing an alphabetical list of works, papers in transactions of learned societies, and magazine articles, and also some short notices of books, and in each number an essay by the editor; the last two being notices of the Latin versions of Euclid's elements published in Sweden, and on the first Swedish tables of logarithms. These numbers he has now published in a thin volume, with a list of the transactions and reviews to which reference was made and a classified index. The bibliographical work is carefully done, and the type is large and clear. The *Bibliotheca* will be continued this year.

In the first number of the new French *Revue Contemporaine* is a long and highly eulogistic criticism of Edgar Poe's works by M. Émile Hennequin, and among the articles announced for early numbers is a critical study of Walt Whitman, by M. Gabriel Sarrazin. While professing a wide catholicity of taste, this review is likely, if we may judge from the list of promised contributors, to be the organ of the more moderate naturalists. M. Edmond de Goncourt gives in the first number a foretaste of his brother's letters; criticisms of Flaubert and by M. Zola are expected, and short stories by M. Daudet and M. Guy de Maupassant.

The Seaside Laboratory at Annisquam, Mass., will be reopened to students during the coming summer, from July 1st to September 1st, under the patronage, as heretofore, of the Women's Education Association, acting through the Boston Society of Natural History. Mr. B. H. Van Vleck, an assistant in the laboratory of this institution, will have charge of the seaside work.

Mr. Edward I. Nickerson, 45 Westminster Street, Providence, is interested to ascertain the addresses, in this country, of "any really good miniature painters on ivory." This seems like a search after a "lost art."

—*Harper's* for April has a long and very readable illustrated article on "The Prince of Wales at Sandringham," by Mr. W. H. Russell. The illustrations give an excellent idea of the attractions of the place, and are well calculated to fill with envy any American not yet admitted into the "Prince of Wales's set." The estate, which contains some 8,000 acres, was bought more than twenty years ago by the Government for about \$1,000,000, and has been rendered immensely more valuable by improvements since. The income of the Prince Mr. Russell puts at about \$500,000 a year, and he thinks that, considering the constant drains on it for the maintenance of his establishments, subscriptions to charities, etc., the amount left for the pleasures of private life is small. Much smaller, we should say, than in the case of many of his subjects, and not any larger than that of several Americans of private fortunes whose parents have made their money, not by being kings and queens, but by bearing or bulling stocks, or by consolidating railroads, or operating in wheat or pork. The life of the heir apparent appears to be, according to the accounts given by his friends, a life of ceremonial, in which he can be only to a small extent his own master. His ancestors, of whose private life we have such full and minute accounts, had really a far better opportunity for self-indulgence than any one in the position of the heir apparent can now have. On the other hand, it can hardly be said that a ceremonial preparation consisting of after-dinner

speeches and laying of corner-stones can do much to fit a prince to become a king, in the old sense of the word. But then this, the admirers of the English system maintain, is the best feature of the case, because the English people only want an ornamental and ceremonial king, and really prefer to have their governing done for them by a popular leader chosen by the House of Commons. The frontispiece this month is a fine portrait of Lincoln, from a photograph never before engraved.

—Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's article on "Phases of State Legislation," in the *Century*, is, though perhaps not intended to have such an effect, one of the strongest arguments in favor of biennial sessions, and, in fact, of as few sessions as possible, that we have ever met. In three Legislatures he and a number of other members have been interested in getting through certain important measures, and to do this it was found to be necessary to make a study of the character and associations of the different members. "As a result, and after very careful study, conducted purely with the object of learning the truth, so that we might work more effectually, we came to the conclusion that about one-third of the members were open to corrupt influences in some form or other." A single specific example of the way uncorrupt legislation has to be obtained at Albany, however, will show better than this estimate what sort of a place the capital is:

"On one occasion there came before a committee of which I happened to be a member, a perfectly proper bill in the interest of a certain corporation. The majority of the committee, six in number, were thoroughly bad men, who opposed the measure with the hope of being paid to cease their opposition. When I consented to take charge of the bill, I had stipulated that not a penny should be paid to insure its passage. It therefore became necessary to see what pressure could be brought to bear on the recalcitrant members; and accordingly we had to find out who were the authors and sponsors of their political being. Three proved to be under the control of local statesmen of the same party as themselves, and of equally bad moral character; one was ruled by a politician of unsavory reputation from a different city; the fifth, a Democrat, was owned by a Republican Federal official; and the sixth by the president of a horse-car company. A couple of letters from these two magnates forced the last members mentioned to change front on the bill with surprising rapidity."

Mr. Roosevelt's picture of the ignorance and corruption of legislation at Albany, coming from one who knows the ground so well as he, is the most striking that has been drawn anywhere. He has no new remedies to propose, but it seems to us that it is obvious that whatever tends to restrict the field and opportunities for legislation will be for the good of the State.

—The *Century's* war articles do not diminish in interest, and the sumptuous abundance of spirited illustrations even increases. Mr. Cable's description of New Orleans at the time of the surrender has all the dainty delicacy of touch which we have learned to look for in his work. It is at once realistic and artistic, and we see the event he describes through the eyes of the bright lad sharply watching things at the levee from the front or rear door of his employer's shop on Common Street. The personal element in Admiral Porter's paper distinguishes it more than anything else from the excellent narratives of the capture of New Orleans already published, such as Professor Mahan's. The Admiral distinctly claims as his own the origination of the plan of the expedition, the indication of Farragut as its commander, the success in getting the heavier ships over the Mississippi bar, and a certain initiative throughout which closely resembles a dominating influence. That Farragut was the adopted son of Commodore Porter "of the *Essex*," the father of the present Admiral, has not

been commonly known, and is an interesting fact in the relations of these officers. The portrait of Admiral Porter, while a good one at the time it was made, needs to be supplemented by one giving his more familiar appearance at and after the close of the war. That of General Butler, as he appeared "on the James," is strongly characteristic, even to his slippers.

—The *Atlantic* for April opens with three chapters of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," the interest in which is not likely to be diminished by the discovery of the sex of the author. The story is one among several indications of the growth of a native Southern literature which gives promise of a very different harvest from the sickly literary products of the old "slavery days." Kathleen O'Meara's fourth paper on "Madame Mohl, her Salon and Friends" is full of entertaining anecdotes, and cannot fail to suggest to the reader a good many reflections on the subject of salons and society, and the differences between foreign and American society which may be supposed to make salons here out of the question. Madame Mohl's house differed from what we ordinarily think of as a salon, in dispensing an international hospitality. English, French, Germans, and Americans met there on neutral territory; and owing to the fact that they met in Europe and not in an English-speaking country, there was probably far less *gêne* in their meetings than there would possibly have been had Madame Mohl attempted the same thing in England or America. Indeed, an American or English salon is almost unthinkable. The intense pride and reserve in the expression of feeling which make most of us so *stiff*; the continual dread of saying something which may sound extravagant, or conceited, or quixotic in the ears of those present, and an unwillingness on the part of those present to make the concessions to individuality which involve concessions to extravagance, to conceit, and to the quixotic; the widespread want of interest in any but material things which palsies general conversation—how often have we observed what a hindrance all these national social peculiarities are to the simplicity and ease which make an "interior" like that of Madame Mohl's possible. It is not that we have no intellectual interests, but the very persons who have intellectual interests have not the social training that puts them at ease in society; so that literary "reunions" with us, from the publishers' dinner in 'Pendennis' down to the latest meeting of the Twentieth Century Club, are apt to be dreadful affairs.

—C. F. Gordon Cumming, a frequent contributor, has an entertaining article in *Lippincott's* called "Glimpses of Peking." It gives a better idea of the "havoc" and dirt and decay of the great Eastern capital than of its splendor; indeed, the "note" of the article may be said to be dirt—dirt in the form of the dust inches deep on the highways; dirt in the form of the same dust converted into mud; dirt in the form of vile contagion-breeding stench; dirt in the form of contagion itself; dirt on the unswept floors; dirt under the beds; dirt on the person—a loathsome, antique, dirty metropolis. The progress of civilization is marked by nothing more than progress in individual cleanliness, and a widespread popular desire to be clean is one of the surest tests of a high degree of it. In ancient civilizations like that of Rome, for instance, we may shrewdly suspect that the desire for cleanliness was confined to the few, and that while Caracalla and his court retinue, and the wealthy men of his time, bathed a great deal, the common herd were really unwashed; and so it is in China to-day. Dirt is regarded, not as "matter out of place," but as a natural condition of things, and the consequent disease as so inevitable a con-

comitant of human life that it receives a religious sanction, and the epithet applied to smallpox is "first-class heaven-flowers." Thus we may perceive that, when travellers speak of the Chinese as a highly-civilized people, they mean a civilization of the antique variety; for as far as soap and water furnish a test, Peking is in a very primitive state. The condition of the roadbed of the principal street in Peking is another indication of what is meant by Chinese civilization. It is, of course, a magnificent paved causeway, built with great care and at enormous expense. But it is never repaired from one year's end to another; and when it is announced that on a certain day the Emperor will come forth from his seclusion and pass along certain streets, a squad of men are set to work to shovel all the spare dirt into the holes and ruts, till the whole is level, so that the procession may pass along it without too much jolting. Fortunately there is a system of underground drains, and once a year these are opened in order that they may be flooded by the spring rains; but house drainage is apparently entirely unknown, filth of every description being tossed into the street, where it accumulates, putrefies, breeds disease and death, and is finally washed away into the sewers by these rains, when the process begins over again.

—The decadence of science in and about Boston has lately been the theme of an editorial lament in the journal *Science*. Considering the increasing amount of publishing and research, the number of students engaged, the extent of scientific instruction in schools, and the taste for popular science as inferable from the press, one would have expected quite the opposite view to be taken. What the editor really has in mind, we believe, is the lack of interest in society meetings; but here again he overlooks the present number of societies, and their combined attendance now as compared with that of the period to which he refers us. We may even go further, and say that the apparent lack of interest in the meetings is of itself evidence of progress in science. Conditions have changed for the better. The days when people of culture knew little of scientific matters, and, in their thirst for knowledge, crowded the halls to acquire it, have gone by. The teachings of our schools, of our books, of our papers enable us to gather our science with much less expense in time and exertion than would be necessary if we were compelled to dance attendance on the lectures. That the hearers have outgrown the need of the talkers, and that science is becoming daily more accessible, are poor evidences of decadence. Grant that there has been a falling off in the quality of communications as well as in attendance. Naturally enough, a lecturer is not likely to make elaborate preparations with the expectation of having no one to hear him. A man with an important communication hardly thinks it worth while to bring it before empty benches.

—Except that the editor of the 'Annual Statistician' (San Francisco: L. P. McCarty) has brought down his collection of facts and figures upon all sorts of subjects to a later date, the current edition of this useful work differs but little from that for last year. We observe, however, the correction of a certain number of errors, the amplification of information upon a variety of live topics, and the addition of a considerable amount of entirely new matter. If a person consulting the 'Statistician' could always feel implicit confidence in the accuracy of its statements, it would leave but little to be desired; for nowhere else are to be found so many of those facts which nobody can hope to remember, but which everybody sometimes wants to know. Unfortunately, here and there in its pages we stumble upon errors which seem to show that, even as to

matters about which most people have general information, the grossest blunders can pass undetected by its compilers. Of course mere typographical slips, such as that by which Mr. Voorhees, the newly-elected delegate from Washington Territory, is put down as a Republican, can hardly be altogether avoided. Doubtless either to the same cause or to an unconscious spirit of prophecy is to be ascribed the statement that Mr. Carlisle is Speaker of the House of Representatives of the XLIXth Congress. No such excuse, however, can be set up in defence of the extraordinary assertion, made on page 263, that the population of Oceania, exclusive (as a comparison of the figures on the next three pages will show) of the British Isles, Japan, Madagascar, Newfoundland, Ceylon, and most of the other islands lying off the coasts of the great continents, is 119,000,000, when the tables on the pages just mentioned, if carefully analyzed with the assistance of a good atlas, prove that 50,000,000 would in all probability be an outside estimate. There are some very serious errors in the table of population according to creed, on pages 338-9, especially in reference to France and Austria-Hungary. Some of the grave blunders to which we called attention last year are repeated, as, for instance, the deceptive table on page 559, purporting to give the birth and death rates in certain great cities. In future editions, it is to be hoped that care will be taken to guard against such defects, and to make the execution worthy of the design.

—The French are always "changing all that." Time was when men would set a thief to catch a thief, but now in Paris they set a detective to catch a detective. The *Cri du Peuple* publishes pen portraits of the various secret agents of the police, giving their addresses (which may be convenient if a new Commune should ever send round *pétroleuses* and raise the cry *Aux lampions*) and describing the unfortunate men, whose incognito is their stock in trade, as carefully as would be done in a passport. The revolutionary counter-police instituted by this enterprising paper actually "shadowed" three times one of the agents, and the account of the *filatures* is published in full. It is a pleasing thought, that, of one of the police of surety dogged by a revolutionist, and he by a secret agent of the Government, and he by another of the people, and so ad infinitum, just as the fleas "have smaller still to bite 'em." It would make an amusing scene on the stage or a startling chapter in a novel. Indeed, there is something like it in one of the stories of Gaboriau or Du Boisgobey—there are already too many in the long series which the new Dumas is pouring out for us to remember in which it was. But what will be the effect on the production and discovery of crime in Paris if the secret police are hereafter to work in public, if there is to be a detectives' gallery in the newspapers as we have a rogues' gallery at our police stations? Rightly done, perhaps, the effect would not be altogether bad. The discoveries in regard to the London police two or three years ago, and the revelations in connection with the Clovis-Hugues trial, show that detectives are not impeccable. Who will guard the guards themselves, asked the Roman satirist? I, says the *Cri du Peuple*. Unfortunately the object of that paper is not such as to inspire the hope that society will get much good from its surveillance.

—The subscribers to the 'Allgemeine Weltgeschichte' in ten volumes, by Professors Fläthe, Hertzberg, Justi, Pflugk-Hartung, and Philippson, recently begun to be published by G. Grote in Berlin (New York: Westermann)—and already briefly noticed in our columns—are well aware what they are to receive for their money. For the new universal history is to be, to a de-

gree, an abridgment of the vast 'Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen' edited for the same firm by Prof. Wilhelm Oncken, of Giessen. Of this admirable collection about one-half—upward of twenty volumes—has appeared, embracing more than a thousand illustrations and portraits, remarkable both for intrinsic importance as guides chiefly to the psychology of the past and for excellence of execution; and all, or nearly all, of these are to go into the new work. Hence, as to the pictorial part of the contents, the 'Weltgeschichte' will be four times as rich as Oncken's 'Geschichte.' The reëlaborated text will, of course, have to adapt itself occasionally to the illustrations, and may thus become slightly unsymmetrical; but skilful condensation by tried hands will save all that is most important, introduce chronological order, and eliminate repetitions unavoidable in 'Einzeldarstellungen.' Most of the writers for the 'Weltgeschichte' have contributed largely to Oncken's collection, Hertzberg being the author of four bulky volumes on Hellas, Rome before and under the Emperors, and the Byzantines and Ottomans; Philippson, of the histories of the age of Philip II. and of that of Louis XIV.; and Flathe, of the history of the period extending from the downfall of the First French Empire to the rise of the Second. Hertzberg, who is now to write 'Hellas' and 'Rome,' has only to condense his own volumes, and Philippson and Flathe, who are to divide modern history between them—the former doing the earlier periods—will largely draw upon their own books while working up the matter contained in Stern's 'English Revolution,' Brückner's 'Peter the Great' and 'Catharine II,' Oncken's 'Age of Frederick the Great' and 'Age of the Revolution, of the Empire, and the Wars of Liberation,' Wolf's 'Maria Theresa' and 'Joseph II.,' and other works. Justi, who for the 'Geschichte' has written only a short volume on 'Ancient Persia,' and has now been assigned 'The Eastern Nations,' will find excellent guides in Dümichen's 'Egypt,' Stade's 'Israel,' etc., while Pflugk-Harttung, who has no contribution of his own to abridge, will condense for his 'Middle Ages' Dahn's 'Earliest History of the Teutonic and Romanic Nations,' Winkelmann's 'Anglo-Saxons,' Kugler's 'Crusades,' Hertzberg's 'Byzantines,' Ruge's 'Age of Discoveries,' and other books edited by Oncken.

GEORGE ELIOT.—I.

George Eliot's Life, as related in her Letters and Journals, arranged and edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross. In three vols. Harper & Bros. 1885.

"If it be true that the most interesting of George Eliot's characters is her own, it may be said also that the most interesting of her books is her life."

These words of Lord Acton's have a real and important meaning, to which we shall recur; but, taken in their most obvious sense, they precisely contradict the judgment which ninety-nine readers out of a hundred have, we suspect, before this formed, and rightly formed, of Mr. Cross's book. If by "most interesting" be meant the book which most keenly interests most persons, it is difficult to believe that a single one of George Eliot's novels does not surpass in interestingness the whole of her written life. The duty of critics is occasionally to speak plain truths plainly; and an intense admiration for George Eliot, as well as infinite respect for the care, skill, and loving tact with which Mr. Cross has composed the biography of his wife, ought not to blind a candid observer to the patent fact, that even the most sympathetic reader puts down 'George Eliot's Life' with a sense of disappointment, which is mitigated only by the reflection that

George Eliot lives in her works, and that the beauty and nobility of her character, no less than the brilliancy of her genius, have an everlasting memorial in the 'Scenes from Clerical Life,' in 'Adam Bede,' and in the 'Mill on the Floss.' This disappointment is due to two causes.

The first cause lies in the form in which the Life is presented to us.

Autobiography and biography have each their special value and their special defects. When a writer of moral or intellectual eminence such as Carlyle, Miss Martineau, Trollope, or Mark Pattison, leaves behind him either memoirs or autobiographical reflections, we have in any case one of the most valuable and interesting things which the world can possess—the "experiences" of a human soul. It is more than possible, it is almost certain, that a man's account of his own life will, however honest the writer, be more or less distorted or colored by his personal feelings and sympathies. Miss Martineau's autobiography is certainly not a perfectly fair estimate either of herself or of others. It were idle to suppose that Carlyle's lamentations over the injustice of the world gave us the true measure of the way in which he had been treated by his friends and his contemporaries. No sane historian would ever look upon the 'Apologia' as more than an important contribution to the understanding of Cardinal Newman's character, or to the history of the Tractarian movement. The very best of autobiographies needs constant correction from the reliable evidence of the witnesses of a man's career. But even the least trustworthy of autobiographies has the supreme value, that it does represent either an eminent man's actual estimate of his own life, or at very lowest the view of his life which he wishes to impress upon the world. The very unfairness of autobiography provides us with the means of understanding the genius of the autobiographer. Biography, on the other hand, though it does not possess the charm of presenting to us personal experiences, does, in the hands of a skilful and honest writer, give us a picture of a man's career and character superior in breadth and completeness to any of the efforts of self-portraiture. Boswell's 'Johnson' or Stanley's 'Arnold' contains such a picture of his hero as entirely satisfies the needs or wishes of posterity.

Now Mr. Cross has, with singular boldness, and, we must in fairness add, with a deftness which is manifestly the fruit not so much of literary aptitude as of the tact produced by profound reverence and affection, attempted to tell George Eliot's life as related in her letters and journals; that is to say, he has endeavored to combine in some sense the merits of a biography with those of an autobiographical memoir, or, to use his own expressions, has "endeavored to form an *autobiography*—if the term may be permitted—of George Eliot. The life has been allowed to write itself from her letters and journals." The difficulty of Mr. Cross's task, which is great enough in itself, has been increased by rules which (it may be wisely enough) he has imposed upon the performance of his work: "Each letter has been pruned of everything that seemed to me irrelevant to my purpose, of everything which I thought my wife would have wished to be omitted. Every sentence that remains adds, in my judgment, something, however small it may be, to the means of forming a conclusion about her character. . . . I have refrained," he adds, "almost entirely, from quoting the remembered sayings of George Eliot, because it is difficult to be certain of complete accuracy, and everything depends upon accuracy." In other words, the light thrown upon a person's character, either by the candor of autobiographical confession or by the candor of friendly observation, has been entirely excluded from Mr. Cross's work, while the

reader is not allowed to see all the lighter and telling traits which are betrayed by the spontaneity of spoken thought. The letters, further, are, with great ingenuity, dovetailed into one another. Remarks written to a man of business, such as Mr. Blackwood, run unexpectedly into expressions used in the intimacy of effusive friendship to a dear friend, such as Miss Hennell. Moreover, the sources on which the life is based are narrow. Four-fifths of it, or thereabouts, are founded upon the correspondence with Blackwood, letters to Mrs. Bray and her sister, notes to Mrs. Congreve, and George Eliot's journal. The journal itself, moreover, to judge from the specimens given by Mr. Cross, is merely a diary of work—very remarkable, we admit, in its way—and a mass of observations which, considering they come from George Eliot, are by no means remarkable, on places and works of art noted in the course of various journeys.

The simple truth is, that a biography so constructed is as artificial a production as was ever put before the world. It is like attempts to construct a scheme of theology by simply piecing together texts, or bits of texts, torn from their context and stuck together so as to present a view which the author believes to be true and valuable. This kind of intellectual mosaic work can never produce a life-like picture. The marvel is that, according to the testimony of George Eliot's friends, Mr. Cross has, under all the difficulties of the case, given the world a portrait which recalls the great authoress to those who knew her. That to those who, like ourselves, did not know her, except through her works, the picture is wanting in life, is an inevitable consequence of the conditions which Mr. Cross imposed upon himself. These conditions produce another result which should be constantly borne in mind by every fair-minded reader. The public has no knowledge whatever as to the extent to which the aspect of George Eliot put before us represents the whole of her character. It is strange how often this is forgotten. A most intelligent writer remarks that George Eliot wrote almost wholly to women with whom she was intimate, and did not correspond with the literary characters of her day. This certainly may be so, but the public have no means of knowing that it was so. Mr. Cross never tells us that the fragments given us represent the whole of her correspondence. It is, one would think, highly improbable that there was no written interchange of thought between George Eliot and Herbert Spencer. We do not for a moment blame Mr. Cross for his reticence. He has given us a life of a very peculiar and even rare kind; but it is simple common sense to bear in mind the peculiarities of the book, and it is simple honesty to admit that its peculiarities impair its interestingness.

The second cause of disappointment lies deeper than the first. It arises from the substance, not from the form, of 'George Eliot's Life.'

"Revelations," in the vulgar sense of the word, cannot have been expected or desired by any one capable of appreciating or venerating George Eliot's genius. But it was not unreasonable to hope that a work which aimed at being a kind of autobiography, might reveal to admirers of a great writer some personal traits of character not fully apparent in her writings. The fulfillment of such an expectation does not involve any want of due reticence on the part of a biographer. No critic has ever asserted that Trevelyan's 'Macaulay' violates the sanctities of private life or the pious respect due to the dead. Yet no one can read 'Macaulay's Life and Letters' without feeling that from Trevelyan's book he learns something more of his uncle's true character than could be gathered from the most careful perusal of every line that Macaulay has published.

We all now know for certain that the brilliant historian was a man of singularly deep and strong affections, and loved those to whom he was attached with a passionate intensity which nothing but his strong common sense and his essential manliness prevented from becoming morbid from its vehemence. We know, again, what could only have been conjectured from his works, that the high public spirit which breathes in every line Macaulay wrote, was proved by his acts to be a guiding influence throughout his life. Such unveiling as this is as much an act of justice to the dead as it is a benefit to the living. George Eliot's letters or diaries add little to the knowledge of her which may be gathered from her works. They show that her own character and some of the events of her own life are depicted in parts of her novels. But this could be no news to any intelligent reader. A student must be dull indeed who needs to be told that in the 'Mill on the Floss' there is an autobiographical element, or that the moral insight and the ethical principles traceable in every word which George Eliot has written formed part of herself. The oddity of the thing is, not that the life often confirms or illustrates impressions of George Eliot gained from her writings, but that, on the whole, George Eliot's writings tell and always will tell appreciative critics far more of her intellectual and moral greatness than can be gathered from a life written with the very view of giving to the world an opportunity of "forming a conclusion about her character."

The reason why this is so is not far to seek. Mr. Cross's book resembles in some degree biographies written by the disciples of a religious teacher. Such disciples, if worthy of their hero, will not tell you a word which is not true. And one cannot read a chapter of Mr. Cross's writing without seeing that it is inspired by that noblest form of veracity, the truthfulness which springs from love and admiration. But the disciple who writes the life of a prophet whom he reverences with his whole heart, is sure to fall into one error. He cannot let his hero be anything but a prophet. From this ault Mr. Cross has hardly escaped. All the didactic side of George Eliot's character is fairly represented by the extracts from her letters and journals. We see, and it is most interesting to see, her intense preoccupation with the truths which she pressed upon her readers. We read, for example, in the letters to Mrs. Ponsonby, her most intimate utterances on fundamental questions of morality and religion. We learn from her own writing that her books "have for their main bearing a conclusion . . . without which I could not have cared to write any representation of human life—namely, that the fellowship between man and man which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what is not man; and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human (*i. e.*, an exaltation of the human)." We learn how entirely she valued her works as the means of propagating her convictions. We learn the sincerity and, so to speak, religious zeal with which she labored at "the improvement" of the "talents" committed to her, and we are made to feel, if we did not feel it before, how deeply George Eliot's teaching has influenced the moral sentiment of modern England. The love of a disciple has, in short, presented to us the portrait of George Eliot as a learner and a teacher; and to have this portrait is a benefit. But, unfortunately, Mr. Cross's admiration for the moral and, so to speak, religious side of his wife's character has, in the description he has given of her, caused him strangely to leave out of view the amazing gifts of humor and of imagination which rendered it possible for George Eliot to interest the world in her teaching.

We find it at any rate impossible to suppose that if Mr. Cross had wished to do so, he could not have opened to us a side of his wife's nature of which there is scarcely a trace in her published life. If this supposition be not correct, we are forced to the conclusion that all the humor, irony, and insight which give their special flavor to George Eliot's greatest novels, to the 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' to 'Adam Bede,' or to 'Silas Marner,' left no trace in her conversation or her correspondence. To believe that this is so is almost an impossibility; and we are therefore driven to the conclusion that intentionally her biographer has left one aspect of George Eliot completely in the shade. As it is, the life brings before us the translator of Strauss, the essayist who writes under the name of Theophrastus Such, and the author of 'Daniel Deronda.' But we can see few traces of the novelist who has added to the literary portrait gallery of England more than a score of characters as full at once of life, humor, and pathos as Adam Bede, Silas Marner, Amos Barton, or Mrs. Poyser. As we try to gather from Mr. Cross's description a true portrait of the greatest, or certainly the greatest but one, among the female novelists of England, we are reminded of the efforts which, some forty years ago, one had to make in order to see the likeness impressed in the earlier form of daguerreotype. The true features of one's friend were there, but it was only by twisting and, so to speak, humoring the picture that one could get to see the sun-painted likeness.

THE FOREST CENSUS.

The Forests of North America, exclusive of Mexico. By Charles S. Sargent, Arnold Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard University. Vol. ix of the Publications of the Tenth Census of the United States. Washington: 1884. 1 vol., quarto, with portfolio of maps.

IN view of the national importance of the forest question, this publication is timely and valuable as furnishing the data by which to work out its solution. It belongs in the front rank of our Government publications. It is divided into three parts: Part 1, the catalogue of the species, remarks on synonymy, bibliography, distribution, uses, etc.; Part 2, the specific gravity, strength, and comparative values of the woods; Part 3, the economic aspects of the forests. The catalogue, with its copious index, occupies two hundred and twenty pages, and enumerates four hundred and twelve species of trees besides the recognized varieties. "To keep the catalogue within reasonable limits," the line between trees and shrubs (an arbitrary distinction) is settled by admitting as trees only "those which grow from the ground with a single stem, either wholly or over a large portion of their distribution." Much labor has been expended upon the bibliography of the species, in many cases one hundred, and in one instance one hundred and twenty-five references, being cited, exclusive of separate editions of the same work. A number of important (though questionable) changes have been made in the names of the species, based upon investigations into the works of early botanical writers. This portion of the volume will be of special interest to the botanist, while the terse descriptions of the nature of the wood, taken in connection with the distribution of the species, furnish important data for the builder and mechanic. The works, in various languages, on the strength of timber and specific gravity and component elements of the woods, deal with the subject in a very general way, referring to "fir," "pine," "oak," etc., without regard to the species, and furnish only such information as was to be collected from various sources, the results of experiments performed often under very different

conditions by many different persons. In the case of the work before us, however, the tests have been made under precisely the same conditions with the wood of every available species and all recognized varieties of North American trees; and where the least doubt was attached to the identification of a specimen, it was immediately excluded. The object of the experiments, the results of which are given in detail for each specimen of every species in several tables in Part 2, was to determine, "first, the fuel value of the woods of the United States, and second, the value of the wood of the principal trees of the country as material for construction." All tests for strength were made with the United States testing-machine at the Watertown arsenal. To obtain specimens of each of the four hundred and twelve trees enumerated was in many cases very difficult, yet they were all finally secured, with the exception of seven species—trees of exceedingly limited range, or only known by the reports of early explorers, none of which possess any commercial importance.

Arranged in the order of the weight of the wood, the first sixty-three species include but one North Atlantic tree, the first sixteen on the list being heavier than water, and belonging "to the semi-tropical region of Florida, or to the arid Mexican and interior Pacific regions." There exists "a relation between aridity of climate and the weight of the wood," even in single species of wide distribution, certain Southern varieties of ashes and oaks being from twelve to twenty per cent. heavier than the Northern form of the same tree. The experiments show that equal weights of resinous woods give upward of twelve per cent. more heat than non-resinous woods. Making this allowance, the theory advanced by Count Rumford that equal weights of wood possess the same fuel value, without regard to specific distinctions, stands substantially correct; and the specific-gravity tests give a direct means for comparison for fuel values, although other factors of course enter into consideration in ordinary practice which greatly affect the result.

For transverse strength, the nutmeg hickory leads, closely followed by the locust and one of the Pacific oaks. For longitudinal strength, the heavy tropical woods of Florida stand at the head; for elasticity the larch of the Pacific Coast comes first, while the *lignum-vitæ* best resists indentation. Determinations made in relation to the amount of tannin in the bark of different trees suffice to point out species, not now in use, "which may be looked to as possible sources of tannin supplies." This list includes the rhizophora of Florida, which shows 31.04 per cent. of tannin, the Engelmann spruce, 12.60 to 20.56, and the Douglas fir, 13.79 per cent. So many of the determinations given in the tables above referred to fall between such narrow limits that, although in all the important woods sufficient material has been obtained to avoid errors, yet in most cases results of the experiments which are recorded must not "be considered as conclusive, but rather valuable as indicating what lines of research should be followed in a more thorough study of the subject." These tests do, however, indicate

"the important fact, that within the limits of any species the weight and strength of any specimen of wood depend upon the actual proportion of the space occupied by the annual layers of growth, with open ducts, to the space occupied with compact woody tissues, and to the size of these ducts; or, in the case of conifers, the proportion of space occupied by cells formed early in the season to that occupied with the cells of the summer growth. It does not appear to be the soil, age, or general climatic conditions which affect the growth of the wood, nor does the rapidity of growth affect the strength, as has been supposed, as the proportion of open to compact growth is little affected by the rapid or slow increase of the tree's diameter."

"It follows that while such experiments are

necessary to establish maximum and relative values for any species, these being established, actual values of any given specimen of wood may be determined by microscopic examination of its structure—that is, two specimens of wood of any species to which the census-tests have been applied being given, their relative values can be determined by an examination of their structure as well as, or better than, by any elaborate experiments."

The statement of the value of the forest productions and the density of forests, as shown by the maps, as well as other statistics given in Part 2, are based upon the returns received from an elaborate system of circulars sent out for the purpose; yet, in estimating the forest crop so many industries are insufficiently reported that the returns do not indicate its full value, which for the census year (1880) is reckoned at seven hundred millions of dollars. "Michigan is the greatest lumber-producing State," and the united lumber production of that State, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, "exceeds one-third of all the lumber manufactured in the United States." Wood is used for fuel in value to the amount of three hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars annually. During the year, also, it is estimated (and from the character of the returns the estimate is undoubtedly below the actual figures), that upward of ten and a quarter millions of acres of woodland were burned over, destroying timber to the value of twenty-five and one-half millions of dollars. Of the reported causes of these fires the largest number were, first, "farmers clearing land," followed in order by "hunters," "locomotives," and "malice." Though the destruction of timber is great, this loss is small compared with the injury done to the land which is burned over, for a long series of natural changes must be gone through with before a growth similar to the one destroyed can be produced. Browsing animals inflict an injury on the forests only exceeded by loss from fires, for they not only destroy all seedling trees, but they injure the bark and kill trees of maturer growth besides. In the production of railroad ties there is a very great destruction of trees in proportion to the amount of timber used, as on an average only two ties are produced from every tree cut down, and, as is the case with telegraph poles, they are taken from trees which would produce in time a far greater value as timber trees.

The forests of Maine are cited as illustrating the perfect practicability of forest protection. The prosperity of that State depends upon its forests, and where a community realizes this, fires are kept in subjection. The Maine forests, "once thought to be practically exhausted, still yield largely and continuously, and the public sentiment" which has rendered this possible "is the one hopeful symptom in the whole country that a change of feeling in regard to forest property is gradually taking place."

The forests perform a duty more important even than the production of lumber, by preventing the destructive work of mountain torrents, and by guarding and regulating the supply of water in our great rivers. In many cases the inaccessibility of these forests has heretofore preserved them, but it cannot do so much longer. Their destruction will be immediately followed by the ruin of rivers for navigation, irrigation, and mechanical purposes, the flooding of cities located on their banks, and the spoliation of large areas of the richest agricultural land. By the destruction of these protecting forests "the whole community will suffer widespread calamities which no precaution taken after the mischief has been done can avert nor future expenditure prevent." Notwithstanding the tremendous drain made upon our forests, they are capable for many years of yielding greater annual returns than have yet been reached. Changes must come in

the lumber centres, and distribution by railroads will largely govern the regions from which lumber will be cut. On the Atlantic slope the Southern pine forests still contain vast quantities of valuable timber, and the hard-wood forests of West Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee have been but slightly reduced. In the Pacific region, the forests of Oregon and Washington Territory are practically intact, but the redwood, the only substitute for white pine, is rapidly disappearing, and, at the present rate of consumption, must soon cease to be of commercial importance. With the exception of these and the inaccessible forests of Arizona and New Mexico, the axe and fire have rendered the remaining forest regions of the country of secondary importance, although lumber will always be produced even from these in marketable quantities. Without doubt the forest wealth of the country is still enormous, yet not inexhaustible, and "in spite of their extent and variety, and the fact that the climatic conditions of a large portion of the country are peculiarly favorable to their growth, the forests of the United States cannot always continue productive if the simplest laws governing them are totally disregarded."

The forests of each State are taken up separately by Prof. Sargent, their nature and density being illustrated by thirty-two colored maps. In addition, sixteen large maps in the portfolio show the forest, prairie, and treeless regions, the natural divisions and relative density of the forests, and the distribution of all the important trees. These maps are finely executed, but on some of them the tints used to designate relative amounts differ so slightly that great care is required in referring to them. It is also to be regretted that the quality of the paper used for the text is so very poor. But these are trifling defects when the great practical value of the work is considered.

RECENT NOVELS.

Tarantella. By Mathilde Blind. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Crime of Christmas Day. By the author of 'My Ducats and My Daughter.' Harper's Franklin Square Library, and D. Appleton & Co.

Charley Kingston's Aunt. By Fen Oliver. Macmillan & Co.

The White Witch. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Stories by American Authors. Vol. IX. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Good Hater. A Novel. By Frederick Boyle. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Under Which King? A Novel. By Compton Reade. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

The Wearing of the Green. A Novel. By Basil. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Philistia. A Novel. By Cecil Power. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Germinal. By Émile Zola. Paris: Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern.

Too much praise cannot be given to the honest and thoughtful execution of Miss Blind's first novel, 'Tarantella.' Though it has not the grace and charm of those works of fiction which are or seem to be spontaneous creations, it promises that intelligence and high purpose may in time do duty for imagination and impressionability. The opening pages, addressed to Spring, are unfortunate, being in sentiment superficial, in style labored and cold; and throughout the first book the fidelity of the delineation of South German life does not compensate for its lack of vitality. Not till the second book does the author show the

heights to which she can rise, and indicate the peaks beyond to which she may aspire. There is a genuine sense of the picturesque and dramatic in making the destiny of a poor violinist, Emanuel, turn on a chance visit to Capria, where he plays for a beautiful girl, Antonella, so that, as the superstition goes, she may dance out the venom of a tarantula's bite. In the virtuoso's narrative of his life his nature is admirably revealed—better than the author knows, for her mistake is that she has thought him more of a man than she has made him. Emanuel, the nervous, the passionate, the selfish, has no seeds of greatness in him. He is the man to compose only a famous tarantella, not a symphony that shall echo grandly and forever. He is the man to love many women desperately, not one faithfully. In his transports of grief over the death of his last love, Minna Lichtenfeld, he is hysterical, not profound. The very variability of his character is too rooted for us to believe that such a loss should steady him, or infuse into his work the "upward soaring, heaven-aspiring" qualities ascribed to it. The power and present limitations of the author are equally evident in the drawing of Antonella. She comes on the scene first as the Countess Staraja; she occupies the *bel étage* in the house with Frau Professorin Lichtenfeld; she piques the gossips of the coffee parties, and patronizes the little Minna. She is a tarantula of a kind most attractive to the woman-novelist, and it would be interesting to know whether men avoid her as a model through discretion or disbelief in her existence. In her cruelty and infamy she is a type of a large class of women, born, let us say charitably, as destitute of moral sense as a savage. Antonella illustrates without exaggeration the monstrous possibilities of the type; but she is a collection of clever, unsparring generalizations, not a conspicuously imperfect individual. It is, however, pretty certain that no pen but the inspired Ouida's could cope successfully with her personal seductiveness, her "enervating perfumes," her "costly litter of Louis-Quinze fans," and her "bottles of attar of roses worth their weight in gold." Miss Blind's inaptitude for this tawdry and vulgar word-painting is obvious, and her failure alone redeems the effort.

To set a fashion in fiction, as in clothes, it is not so necessary to hit upon what people want as to recognize what they are tired of. The fashion in literature runs just as long as the thunder of the originator is cleverly stolen, as long as his disciples keep above the level of feeble or grotesque copyists. The sad deterioration in the followers of the great realists accounts in a measure for the success of such a brilliantly improbable story as 'Called Back,' and that success in its turn explains the rapid production of tales in which the mystery is the thing. The author of 'The Crime of Christmas Day' starts with a clear conception of the work before him, and with all the mental equipment needful to involve a hero in an apparently hopeless coil of trouble, and then extricate him with ease and naturalness. His first situation offers a thrilling emotional contrast. On the very day that the management of the Odéon accepts the comedy of a poor student of the Latin Quarter, he is confronted by the horror of arrest for the murder of his uncle. By fitting facts to theory ingeniously, a black case is made out against him, only to be demolished through the faith of a friend, the professional rivalry of a detective, and a more ingenious demonstration of theory by fact. The many fine points in the evidence against Girard are neatly explained away, and the only approach to failure in reconciliation of probabilities is in the blindness of two witnesses to the peculiarities of the Japanese physiognomy. The whole affair is managed swiftly, clearly, and precisely; the

reader has some sympathy with the characters as well as curiosity about the events, while the clean, coherent style has no more likeness to police-reports than is inseparable from the subject.

Several dull chapters concerning the home and college life of a medical student preface the mystery of 'Charley Kingston's Aunt.' This aunt, Mrs. Parkinson, is introduced in the dissecting room of a London hospital, an unclaimed body from Marylebone Workhouse. In this daring first stroke the author exhausts his inventive power. The methods employed by Kingston to trace his aunt from a luxurious home in Cleveland, Ohio, to her grievous end are stupid and hackneyed. And when Mrs. Parkinson's misfortunes are hinged on the loss of memory after a severe illness, the author infringes Conway's patent. The work, however, is not without originality which has been strangely diverted from its proper channel. Few authors, for instance, could construct a character from so slight a clue as a man's manner of knocking at a door, and probably fewer could detect in a plain tap a "brisk, incisive initiative, and gradual subsidence in delicate notes almost like a bar of Chopin."

The intrigue of 'The White Witch' is dark and involved from the beginning. Careful to employ every conceivable complication, the author sails on triumphantly to a deadlock. The reader is convinced that Miss Mary Dixon, the White Witch, is either an abandoned criminal hiding from justice, or a victim of cruel wrong and oppression. He is inclined to hope that she is guilty, and that eventually she will be hustled off to a penitentiary, where her Paris gowns may not console her, and where her voice, "one of those voices which the world waits for, cultivated as the world demands," will not win her any special consideration. But he is doomed to disappointment. The author has not the faintest idea how he shall get out of his labyrinth. He resorts to all sorts of humiliating shifts, and finally, in sheer desperation, makes out that Miss Dixon is neither wicked nor wronged, oblivious to the fact that he thus proves her a fool.

From "Young Strong of the *Clarion*," in the ninth volume of Scribner's Short Stories, we get a lively impression of Green's Ferry, California, and its "leading men." Both the humor and pathos in the embarrassments of a young editor whose paper is "a sort of voice crying in the wilderness about Reform," are forcibly suggested. Indeed, Young Strong is altogether such a manly and attractive fellow that he cannot easily slip from the memory of those who have once had a glimpse of him. The only other noteworthy story in the volume is Mr. Leonard Kip's "—mas Has Come." It is beautifully appreciative of the fascination of the sea, while the little mistake in the dénouement seems as happy to the reader as it was fatal to the hero.

There is certainly much variety in 'A Good Hater.' The weight of novelty is too great, in fact, for the lame and unreal story which is made to carry it. To be led from a brush with the Pathans in the Guaja Pass, through the hospitalities of Daneham Castle in the north of England, dinners and adventures in several quarters of London, love-making at the Bagni di Lucca, to shooting elephants and Ashantees in Africa, is an imposition on the most willing imagination. When the perplexities of a forged will, lost and mistaken identities, and the freaks of a mild Monte Cristo are added, one is ready to cry "Enough," and let *Macbeth's* curse light where it will. In the same way that he is too profuse with his wealth of material, Mr. Boyle is too persistent with his liveliness, and one has the unpleasant sensation of associating with frivolous people in complicated situations. The continual chatter of

characters that are too shallow to be cynical, and too sophisticated to be simple, grows tiresome, in spite of the deep plot and the marvellous gold ornaments of the Ashantee braves. Then the essential thing, after all, in a mysterious novel is not that the characters should be anything in particular, but rather that the story should be well rounded off at the end with every point adequately and logically explained. As Mr. Boyle has told his story, however, things refuse to explain themselves, except in a half-way fashion, and one is left to the worry of speculation.

Although it is inevitable that it should be so, now that so many novels are written, it is still interesting to notice how readily their pages reflect the more obvious movements of the time. Two of the late issues of the Franklin Square Library might almost be called tendency novels, while a third, by Compton Reade, has for a heroine "the unearned increment—the tract of land which the labor of centuries" and the growth of the London market had centupled in value. In spite of his strange heroine, Mr. Reade is obliged to revert to the stale incident of changelings to give his unearned increment a bit of human interest; but for the machinery of his story Irish agitators, dynamite, impossible Americans, and murder by typhus germs are fresh and ready to his hand. Vivisection, too, and the aesthete come in for their share of attention, and had the author gone about with a special purpose he could not well have got together a worse lot of people—from the true heir of the unearned increment to Father L'Isle, the Christian Socialist. Naturalness, of course, is not to be expected of one to whom a pill is a "bolus," and eating a "process of deglutition." But improbability is carried quite too far when the aesthete bargains to have the heir put out of the way, and then languidly explains his plans to his betrothed and to several of his friends; while the height of preposterous impossibility is reached when a judge of the United States Court, with a telegraphic warrant from the President, heads a lynching mob in California. Henry George will not receive much help from such weak and ill-considered attempts as this.

'The Wearing of the Green' is written with such a determined effort to present the Irish question that it is doubtful which is meant to be chief—the story or the moral. As far as the politics are concerned, nothing is said which has not been heard many times since Burke. The recital of Ireland's wrongs may gain emphasis when it comes from the lips of Miss Norah Wyndham—who knows her country's history with commendable accuracy—and is strengthened by the example of her own perilous adventures and the narrow escape of her love-affair from disaster; but it is a list that from much going over has lost its impressiveness. And as Miss Wyndham is finally left happy, with her lover triumphantly acquitted of complicity in an agrarian murder, one is apt to forget the misery of the peasantry in the contemplation of her pleasant fate; and, when thinking of the earlier chapters at all, to remember only the numerous and obscurely drawn quotations, the tedious explanations, and the extravagance with which the minor characters are invariably painted. The sarcasm which the author breaks into whenever England or things English are under discussion is amusing, it is so bitter; though often it is not wholly unjust.

There is a quiet, pleasant tone about 'Philistia' which recommends it to one's liking in spite of an occasional straining of the socialistic note. If Ernest le Breton is somewhat tiresome at first, in the pertinacity with which he obtrudes his socialism on all with whom he comes in contact, we forgive him afterward for the troubles his conscientiousness and his principles bring him

into, and for his quiet resignation and gentleness under their weight. The main thread of the story runs very simply. Le Breton is driven by his opinions from his tutorship of Lord Exmoor's son, and then from his schoolmastership, on the strength of which he had married, into journalism. Here, but for the help of friends, he was like to have starved, again on account of his opinions, until the success of his pamphlet on the poor of London brought him prosperity and the editorship of a socialist paper. The tale is told mildly, yet with vivid incidents and with minor threads ingeniously woven in, that make it full of interest. There is no study of a social phase, as in 'Alton Locke,' no sensational use of socialistic organizations, as in 'Sunrise'; but merely the recognition that there is a new faith growing up which is already strong enough to be the guiding motive in the lives of some men of culture and breadth, as well as men of narrow and intense ideas.

On being interviewed, recently, by a Parisian reporter, the author of 'Germinal' said: "I wished to paint the miner, and in order to do so truthfully I consulted documents everywhere. The Parliamentary inquiry into the condition of the English miners has been of much service to me. I believe I have described the miners as they are." And further: "My book is a work of pity, nothing more, and I shall be content if my readers experience this sensation." It is well that we should know from M. Zola's own lips what his object was in writing 'Germinal,' for, if we discover no literary merit in the vulgar style he adopts whenever he is not describing nature, we may still ask, Has he attained that commendable object? The picture he draws of the wretchedness of the poor miners and their families is certainly calculated to excite pity, but this feeling gives way to one of disgust when he describes the sufferers as living in a state of moral depravation too general, too complete, to be true. Not one of the numerous characters—miners or bourgeois—has the faintest notion of virtue, of chastity, of common decency. The plot culminates in a dramatic situation similar to that so touchingly described by Hector Malot in 'Sans Famille'—the entombing alive of a number of miners. Here M. Zola has some thrilling passages. We forget for the moment the coarse vulgarity that fills the preceding five hundred pages. In the presence of death, the hero and heroine will surely show the better side of their nature. They have been twelve days in this living tomb; nine of these days they have passed clinging to a narrow ledge, with their feet in the icy-cold water, and without a morsel of food. They are exhausted, dying. M. Zola fills that supreme hour—the last of the poor girl who will never more see the sun—with a coarse picture of sensual passion. How very natural!

English and French statistics, and for that matter the statistics of any country, show that ignorance and corruption go hand in hand; but neither in England nor in France could there be found a community so depraved, so utterly God-forsaken as that of M. Zola's miners. A picture of wickedness without a single redeeming feature is not true art; much less is it true to nature. Where the shadow is darkest it is made so by contrast with the light. There is no such thing as utter darkness. When Eugene Sue described the slums of Paris with all their crimes and vices, he made us shudder without making us blush, and, side by side with these hideous pictures, he showed us native honesty, instinctive chastity. He painted with a master hand the humble virtues of the people, of the much maligned working classes; and public opinion said the picture was true. Zola understands patriotism and humanity in a different way. He claims to be a naturalist, and is therefore supposed to paint

French nature, since he writes about Frenchmen and French women. To speak only of the books that have brought him notoriety, if not fame, in 'L'Assommoir' he traduced the Parisian workmen; in 'Nana' he dragged the aristocracy in the mire; in 'Pot-Bouille' the bourgeoisie was defamed. We have just seen what he thinks of the most wretched class of working people—*toujours sans exception*. His next novel, he says, will describe artist life, but the great work he has in contemplation is one on the French peasant. When that is done, he will have thrown mud on every class of Frenchmen. It is true that every handful of mud brought him a handful of gold; but will it always be so? 'Pot-Bouille' was a failure; 'Germinal' is another. Obscenity may grow tedious as do many better things.

The Letters and Times of the Tylers. By Lyon G. Tyler. In two volumes. Vol. I. Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson. 1884.

THIS work possesses a great and almost unique interest—a history of our Government from the beginning of the Revolution to the year 1840, from the point of view of a single Virginia family. Judge John Tyler died in 1813, having been prominent in the affairs of his State from the establishment of independence; and immediately thereafter his son, afterward President, entered into public life. "State-rights" is the governing principle of the careers of both these distinguished men; and so strongly is the author impressed with this fact, that he insists that the Whig party, to which for a short time the younger Tyler was attached, was, in its origin, "properly a State-rights party—formed out of a hotch-pot of opposition." There is something to be said for this view, of course, as there is for all paradoxes, for the party of State-rights, when it has been in power, has always grasped at national authority, and never more so than under the lead of Jackson; but it is a misinterpretation of history to represent the temporary revolt of a few State-rights men like John Tyler against the one-man power of a despot like Jackson as the real foundation of the Whig party.

If the younger Tyler has a more conspicuous place, and a greater name, in history than his father, it must be confessed that his father presents in these pages an even more interesting subject to the student of American history. Probably no man embodied more thoroughly the doctrine of State sovereignty which at this period found its chief home in Virginia; and we have never found this doctrine stated more vigorously and uncompromisingly than in these pages. In his utterances we have the expression of the dominant political principle of the most influential State in the Union; and as a running comment upon public events for the whole period between the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, these utterances possess the highest value. The boldest statement of these views we find on page 257: "Ever since the day he appeared in the Legislature of his native State he had stood out for the doctrine that the Revolution had reduced men to a state of nature, dissolving them from all allegiance to the King, and from all laws and governments not made their own by express adoption." And again (p. 259): "Judge Tyler, who thoroughly believed in the international character of the Union, and saw no mean between a consolidation and a league, had acutely felt the necessity of eradicating the whole influence of the English law and European attachments." He opposed vehemently Chief-Justice Marshall's view of the authority of the common law; and, when sitting as his associate in the Circuit Court in 1811, "it was," we are told, "no difficult task for him to pierce through the intentions of Marshall, and tear away every cobweb he had woven to

catch the public fly" (p. 256). Not merely Marshall, but Washington, was consistently distrusted and opposed by him, and we read (p. 211) that "with Virginians it is a disputed question which has superior claims to his title, 'Father of his Country,' Washington or Jefferson." And in 1810 Judge Tyler wrote that "in General Washington's time, under the insurrection, as it was called, some very strong military usurpations were exercised" (p. 245).

The slavery question, too, finds an interesting commentary here, in some remarks (p. 155) about the change of attitude of Virginia upon the subject. The author apologizes for this by saying: "Expression, 'tis true, during the Revolution was more open than at a later day, but this was due to the obvious reason that the forces seeking the extermination of the evil operated mostly at home, and did not originate in a section of the country hostile to Southern interests. . . . Southern statesmen soon learned that openly denouncing slavery was merely playing into the hands of their bitterest enemies." Very well; but will any one assert that there were forces at work, at the time that Garrison began his agitation, which would have led to the peaceful abolition of slavery? It may be noted here that Nat Turner's rebellion is not alluded to, and that the South Carolina nullification movement is passed over very cursorily.

This volume contains an excellent portrait of Judge Tyler, and one of President Tyler when Governor of Virginia, at the age of thirty-five. The volume ends with his election to the Vice-Presidency in 1840, and the second volume may be expected speedily.

Memoirs of Rufus Choate. With some consideration of his Studies, Methods, and Opinions, and of his Style as a Speaker and Writer. By Joseph Neilson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

THIS volume consists of a series of essays by different hands. They contain reminiscences of Mr. Choate as a lawyer and as a public man, discussions of his style, learning, and manner of dealing with juries, and accounts of his connection with some noted cases. Judge Lord, of Boston, for instance, gives a conversation with Mr. Choate as to the trial of Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman, which throws an interesting light on his notions of professional obligations. It seems that Mr. Choate did not appear in the case because they "did not want him," and they did not want him because he insisted on their making an admission which they were, no doubt, afraid to make. There was but one way, he explained, to try the case:

"When the Attorney-General was opening the case to the jury, and came to the discussion of the identity of the remains found in the furnace with those of Dr. Parkman, the prisoner's counsel should have arisen and said substantially that in a case of this importance, of course, counsel had no right to concede any point, or make any admission, or fail to require proof, and then have added: 'But we desire the Attorney-General to understand, upon the question of these remains, that the struggle will not be there.' But, assuming that Doctor Parkman came to his death within the laboratory on that day, we desire the Government to show whether it was by visitation of God, or whether, in an attack made by the deceased upon the prisoner, the act was done in self-defence, or whether it was the result of a violent altercation. Possibly the idea of murder may be suggested, but not with more reason than apoplexy, or other form of sudden death. As the prisoner himself cannot speak, the real controversy will probably be narrowed to the alternative of justifiable homicide in self-defence, or of manslaughter by reason of sudden altercation."

Professor Webster would not listen to any such defence, and, though Mr. Choate did not say so to Judge Lord, the inference must have been ir-

resistible that he refused because he knew very well that Doctor Parkman had not come to his death by visitation of God, nor in any other of the innocent ways suggested. It is clear enough, however, that had Mr. Choate's suggested hypothesis been the correct one, an innocent man might possibly, after the accidental death, have resorted to concealment, denial, and all sorts of shifts for disposing of the remains. But Professor Webster, blinded by guilt and fear, could not see this, and made the fatal mistake of denying the existence of the *corpus delicti*. Mr. Choate's analysis of motives was perfectly correct. Denying what he should have admitted, Webster was detected in a falsehood, in face of a grave accusation involving his life. After that his case was hopeless.

Shrewd and far-seeing as Mr. Choate's suggestions were, there is nothing in them more interesting than the insight they give into his professional conscience. As in the case of most great advocates, he evidently took little or no interest in the moral question of guilt or innocence, but was governed entirely by professional considerations as to what "twelve men in a box" could be fairly induced to believe with regard to guilt or innocence. If he could present to them an argument for a verdict of not guilty based on a hypothesis consistent with the evidence, he did not care whether his client had committed murder or not; but to misrepresent the evidence, or rely on evidence which would not be forthcoming, would be a sin against his profession. It is because laymen will not discriminate between the professional and the lay point of view that they do not understand the views taken by great lawyers like Mr. Choate of professional responsibility.

East by West. A Journey in the Revers. By Henry W. Lucy. In 2 vols. London: R. Bentley. 1885. 8vo.

MR. LUCY, the well-known *Daily News* correspondent and "Toby, M. P.," of *Punch*, made, we opine, a mistake in visiting this country first in his journey around the world. Had he travelled "West by East," coming to California from Japan, instead of taking the opposite direction, he would have been in a better condition to appreciate what there is worthy of notice in a ride across the United States. In this case we believe he would have written something worth reading about us. As it is, a large part of his account of New York, which "is one of the sombrest looking cities in the world," is taken up with a scene at the "customs sheds" and his experience with a hack-driver. Naturally he has something forcible to say about the condition of the streets, but we question whether a two or three weeks' stay in the country, the greater part of which was necessarily passed in the cars, justifies his conclusion that a disregard of the cleanliness of the streets is "innate in the American character." Mr. Lucy is always entertaining, and it is disappointing that so keen an observer, with such a graphic pen, should leave distinctive characteristics unnoticed, and dwell persistently on the fact that Americans habitually sit with their feet on tables or lamp-posts. He is content to fill his pages with time-worn stories of train robbers, cow-boys, and the various methods in which justice is defeated in mining towns, to the neglect of more valuable information. The only chapters of the ten devoted to this country worth noting are those on Salt Lake City and his interview with President Taylor, and on the labor question on the Pacific Coast as affected by the legislation against the Chinese. These contain condensed statements of facts of considerable value. The account of the home-returning Chinamen on board steamer is interesting, as is also everything which Mr. Lucy writes about Japan. Spe-

cial facilities for sight-seeing were granted him here, as well as the very rare honor of being presented to the Mikado himself. The romantic story of Ito and Inoué, the energetic ministers who "are the founders and the sustaining forces" of "the policy of the present Government," is well told from the lips of the latter. With both of these gentlemen he had frequent intercourse, and the chapter in which he sums up the general condition of the empire is the most valuable in his book. The confidence in the Government is shown in the almost unexampled rise, "even more rapid than that of greenbacks or Italian notes," in the value of the paper money. His descriptions of the more familiar Indian scenes, though excellently done, need no special comment. A vein of humor, breaking out in odd and unexpected places, it should be said in closing, makes these volumes very agreeable reading.

Geschichte der Litteratur Nordamerikas. Von Eduard Engel. Leipzig: W. Friedrich. 1884. Small 8vo, pp. 68.

THE proverbial advantage of seeing ourselves as others see us, is, we suppose, based on the supposition that others will regard us in a light not only more impartial, but also, from the nature of the case, less favorable than our own judgment would be. Only in this way, it has been observed, can the hide of national self-complacency be pierced and the light of truth enabled to enter. But any one who takes up Mr. Engel's little work in the expectation of being thus edified will be disappointed. It is not, indeed, exclusively panegyric, but the interruptions to the even tenor of the author's praise are rare, and with these few exceptions the flattery is laid on thick enough to have made even John Neal blush. Mr. Engel (who has also written an extensive history of "English" literature) admits that our British ancestors accomplished considerable in this line, but

"A comparison of the present condition of literature in the two countries compels us to say that a good book in the English language is, as a rule, an American book. In America there is a considerable body of authors, who, if they are to be credited with nothing extraordinary, at any rate produce highly respectable works, while England, as regards literature, is almost a desert. As regards belles-lettres, American competition is approaching the colossal dimensions of its achievements in material matters."

From Franklin down, continues Mr. Engel, American authors have been easily distinguished from the British contemporaries, "more sharply separated than the German authors of Austria and Switzerland from those of the Empire." Yet it is not the language which betrays the nationality—at least not in the way a Britisher, as Mr. Freeman calls his countrymen, would suppose, for "the American English, in good books, is in no way distinguishable from British English. Only the pronunciation is sharply different, that of the Americans being the purer." Mr. Engel, however, candidly admits that considerable changes have been made in the tongue through the incorporation of foreign elements, "notably the German and the Chinese." And, best of all, the people is worthy of its language and literature, for the despised "Yankees buy their authors' books, famous or not famous, in quantities beyond even the imagination of the nation of thinkers and poets. . . . A more or less known American author is, under all circumstances, well-to-do"—a fact which the Copyright League will agree with Mr. Engel in thinking equivalent to intellectual independence. Nor are our public libraries forgotten, "which owe their existence exclusively to the noble public spirit of individuals."

The poets considered by Mr. Engel are "Dana, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Whitman, Stod-

dard, Taylor, Dorgan, Miller, Osgood." His countrymen regard Longfellow as the first of these in merit—superior even to Dorgan, though Mr. Engel does not emphasize the latter fact. "But in imagination and power of expression, he is greatly inferior to Poe, and he lacks what, for a great poet, is the most essential of all things, originality." In reading Longfellow "we are frequently conscious of having read it all before. Keynotes, emotions, individual expressions, sound much too familiar." As to Whittier, Mr. Engel thinks he is the only one of the older poets whose popularity is likely to be lasting. "Whitman has not written a single poem." His productions are prose "of poetic character," clad in a garb "which is neither prose nor poetry." Stoddard, in his way, is a master and has great originality. But Mr. Engel's hero is Poe, who is not lumped with the common herd of Longfellow and Dorgans. "No American poet approaches him. His poems fill only a thin little volume, but this outweighs many tomes of Bryant, Longfellow, and Taylor"; as to fame, "Bret Harte is his only rival." It will be observed that Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes are here not even mentioned, though it is elsewhere said of the first named (who, nevertheless, has a chapter all to himself) that he "is hardly to be spoken of as a poet."

Another chapter is devoted to novelists, and a third to humorists. Mr. Engel has a high opinion of Cooper, and remarks of Hawthorne that he resembles Scott more than Cooper does, and that, in knowledge of the human soul, he is the equal of Bulwer. Howells and James receive two lines each, but Mr. Cable is favored with a more detailed notice. It seems that the latter "busies himself with the description of the American 'aristocracy,' the great families on the Eastern coast, descended from the Puritans of 1630, or the Dutch settlers." Our author evidently feels what he says when he adds that his books "assume a too close acquaintance with American social conditions to be of interest to the European reader." Next to Poe, Mr. Engel places most value on the works of Mark Twain. Such authors, he says, are a gift of merciful heaven, which sends these sunbeams into the gloom of modern life. Leland, too, is very funny in his pidgin English poems, "but we cannot perceive anything humorous in these [Hans Breitmann] which have won him a great reputation in America. Average numbers of *Fliegende Blätter* or *Kladderadatsch* contain more wit and humor than these ballads."

We have only to add that Mr. Engel's style is agreeable, that his little book is beautifully printed (in Roman type), and that we have detected very few misprints or errors of pure fact. People who abhor spelling reform will object to the "mangled" words, deprived, as they are, of the familiar silent "h" and "e," but the public will have to get used to changes like these.

Educazione Moderna. Per N. Fornelli. Turin. 1884. 8vo.

THE common-school education in Italy a generation ago was exclusively intrusted to the Catholic Church and the monastic orders, especially the Jesuits, who monopolized it, though not at the expense of their order, as some suppose, but of the several States into which Italy was then divided. It was free, but confined to a very limited number of the male population, viz., the middle class—for the aristocracy never allowed their boys to attend the public schools, but employed priest-tutors at home, while the mechanic and lower classes were absolutely illiterate. As to the girls, it was considered sufficient, both in the upper and middle class, if they knew enough to read and write correctly, which they

learned either at home or in some nunnery. Statistics show that thirty years ago only three per cent. of the Italian girls knew their letters.

The change that has taken place since the revolution of 1848, which culminated in the unity of Italy in 1870, is most marvellous. As every liberal government succeeded to the old despotism, its first act was the secularization, so called, of the public instruction; that is, the withdrawal of it from the monopoly of the Church and the Jesuits, and intrusting it to the hands of lay instructors of both sexes in the regular pay of the Government, with tenure of office and promotions like other civil officials, extending it to all classes, even the lowest, both males and females. It has not yet been made obligatory, but a bill is pending in Parliament to that effect, and without doubt will be acted upon before long. Remarkable among others is the Government provision that the large number of military conscripts, which includes all the able-bodied youth of the nation, unless they already know their letters, are made to read and write during their three years of service; for which purpose, officers are detailed to give daily instruction in the primary branches, and no conscript can be discharged from the army or navy unless he has first acquired his letters.

Naturally in such a new departure in public instruction, and its extension to the whole population, many new systems and methods have been adopted, much confusion has arisen, and evident errors have been committed in the training of youthful minds; for, if the old priestly system was too strict, pedantic, and dogmatic, the new one, in its sudden transition from slavery to freedom, has assumed a too radical, unbridled, and arbitrary form. Mr. Fornelli's book is a philosophical and scientific exposition of a middle course between these two extremes. He is a public instructor of experience and learning, already well known for other publications of a more rudimentary nature. In this, however, which is intended for teachers and the literati, he sums up with philosophical acumen all the experience of such progressive nations as France, Germany, England, and especially the United States on this subject, and from the writings of such men as Taine, Spencer, Mill, and others on mental culture; deducing, for the instruction of his countrymen, the true method to adopt in the public schools. Of course, this, for us, is a twice-told tale, for the maxims inculcated in the book have been household words among us for a century back; but it gives us good hopes for the future mental and moral culture of Italy when such books are published, and their teachings spread among the educators of that country.

Philips's Historical Readers. No. 1—Stories from English History. No. 2—Early England, to 1154. No. 3—Middle England, 1154 to 1603. No. 4—Modern England, 1600 to 1884. Boston: School Supply Company.

THE idea which lies at the bottom of these readers is that expressed by Mr. Mill, in his St. Andrew's address, that no one "ever really learned history and geography except by private reading." Another sentiment, too, is growing among thoughtful people—that our ordinary scrappy school readers, while well adapted to secure a variety of elocutionary drill, are very insufficient for the other objects to be aimed at in reading-books; and that they should be, if not superseded, yet relegated to a less conspicuous place in a system of education, and supplemented by books of a different type. The books before us will be very serviceable in this direction. They are not adapted to the youngest classes—even No. 1 requires considerable mental preparation—and the style of all is a little heavy, but serious

and stimulating, and very healthy reading for our young people. A considerable proportion of the notes might have been advantageously incorporated in the text. Notes are at best a necessary evil, and the story ought so far as possible to explain itself.

Kentucky: a Pioneer Commonwealth. [American Commonwealths.] By N. S. Shaler. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

THE several volumes of "American Commonwealths" are characterized by a freshness and individuality which bear testimony as well to intelligent editorship as to skill and industry in composition. And no one of the books is more marked in these qualities than Professor Shaler's 'Kentucky.' He does not venture, he says, to call it a history—he is, indeed, a geologist rather than an historian; but he is a loyal son of his native State, and has written its annals with pride and affection. It is, no doubt, true that no one of the younger States has a more marked individuality, or has had a more distinguished career, than Kentucky; and Mr. Shaler has taken especial pains to point out the service it rendered to the Union at the most critical period of its

history. If Kentucky's most eminent citizen was called "the great compromiser," the State itself, by the peculiarity of its situation and the conservatism of its inhabitants, was led at various times to a similarly compromising attitude; and its course at this juncture, a very characteristic one, is described by Mr. Shaler with great care and at considerable length. The Peace Congress and the Crittenden Compromise are passed over with a mere mention, as belonging rather to national than State history; but, after all, this movement was so prominently a Kentucky movement that it deserved a fuller treatment. The civil war is narrated with considerable fullness, so far as relates to Kentucky. The two chapters which follow—"The Struggle for Civil Government" and "The New Commonwealth"—are admirable discussions of the new problems, although reconstruction, an event of the first interest in the history of this State, is passed over rather cursorily. The appendix contains, among other things, an authentic copy of the Kentucky Resolutions, derived from the Massachusetts archives—the original record having been destroyed by fire, and it having been generally believed "that no attested copy of the original was in existence."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Stories by American Authors.—X. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher. Pink and White Tyranny. New ed. Boston: Roberts Bros. 50 cents.
Stoughton, J. Restoration in England from 1800 to 1830: a History, with a Postscript on Subsequent Events. Two vols. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$3.
Street's Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory for 1884-5. Tenth Issue. London: Street & Co.; New York. S. M. Pettengill & Co. \$7.
Tausig, Dr. F. W. The History of the Present Tariff 1860-1883. G. P. Putnam's sons. 75 cents.
Taylor, Rev. Wm. M. John Knox. With Portrait. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1.25.
Tennyson, Lord. The Children's Hospital. A. D. F. Randolph. 40 cents.
The Open Door: The Portrait: Two Stories of the Seen and the Unseen. Boston: Roberts Bros. 75 cents.
Thomson, J. Through Masai Land: a Journey of Exploration in Eastern Equatorial Africa. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.
Timayens, T. T. Greece in the Times of Homer. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
Toppan, R. N. Historical Summary of Metallic Money. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Tucker, G. F. The Monroe Doctrine. A Concise History of its Origin and Growth. Boston: George B. Reed. \$1.25.
United States Blue Book. Washington: C. H. Pettit & Co. 50 cents.
Verrall, A. W. Studies, Literary and Historical, in the Odes of Horace. Macmillan & Co. \$2.25.
Walford, E. Greater London: A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places. Illustrated. Vol. II. Cassell & Co. \$4.
Warner, C. D. My Summer in a Garden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
Wauters, Prof. A. J. The Flemish School of Painting. Cassell & Co. \$2.
Whitler, W. Henry Irving. George J. Coombes. \$1.25.
Welcker, A. Rømer, King of Norway, and Other Dramas. Sacramento: Lewis & Johnston.
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